Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Gay Comix #10

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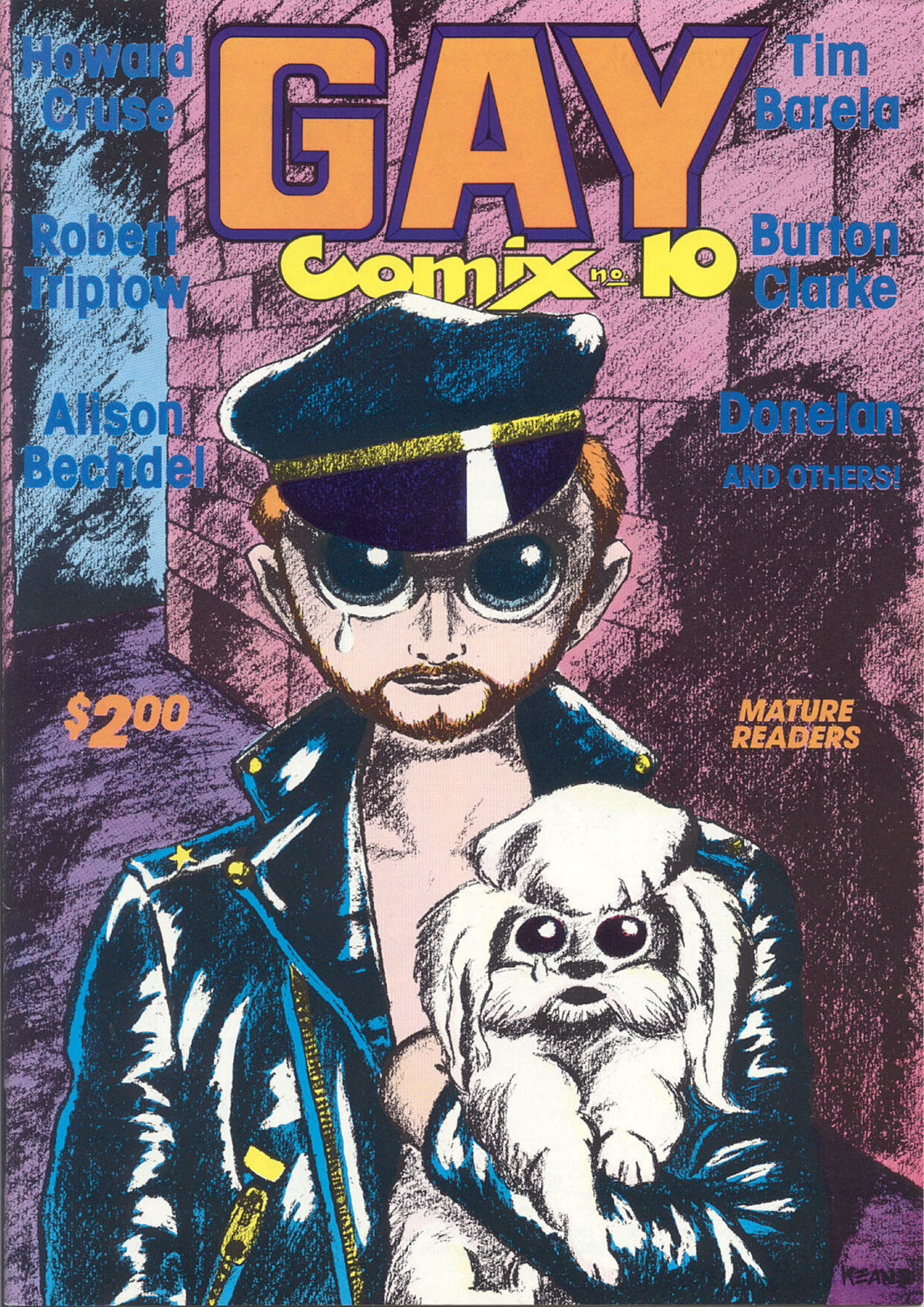
Howard Cruse
GAY
Comix no. 10
Tim Barela
Robert Triptow
Burton Clarke
Alison Bechdel
Donelan
AND OTHERS!
$2.00
MATURE READERS

A Donelan Look at Women

"Lipstick lesbian" is such a limiting label . . .
I prefer "painted woman."

Did ya ever ask yourself . . . ?
Why do we wear men's clothes?

It worked out great . . . I always wanted to be
my sister, and she wanted to be Marlon Brando.

"Gay" my ass! We're lesbians!

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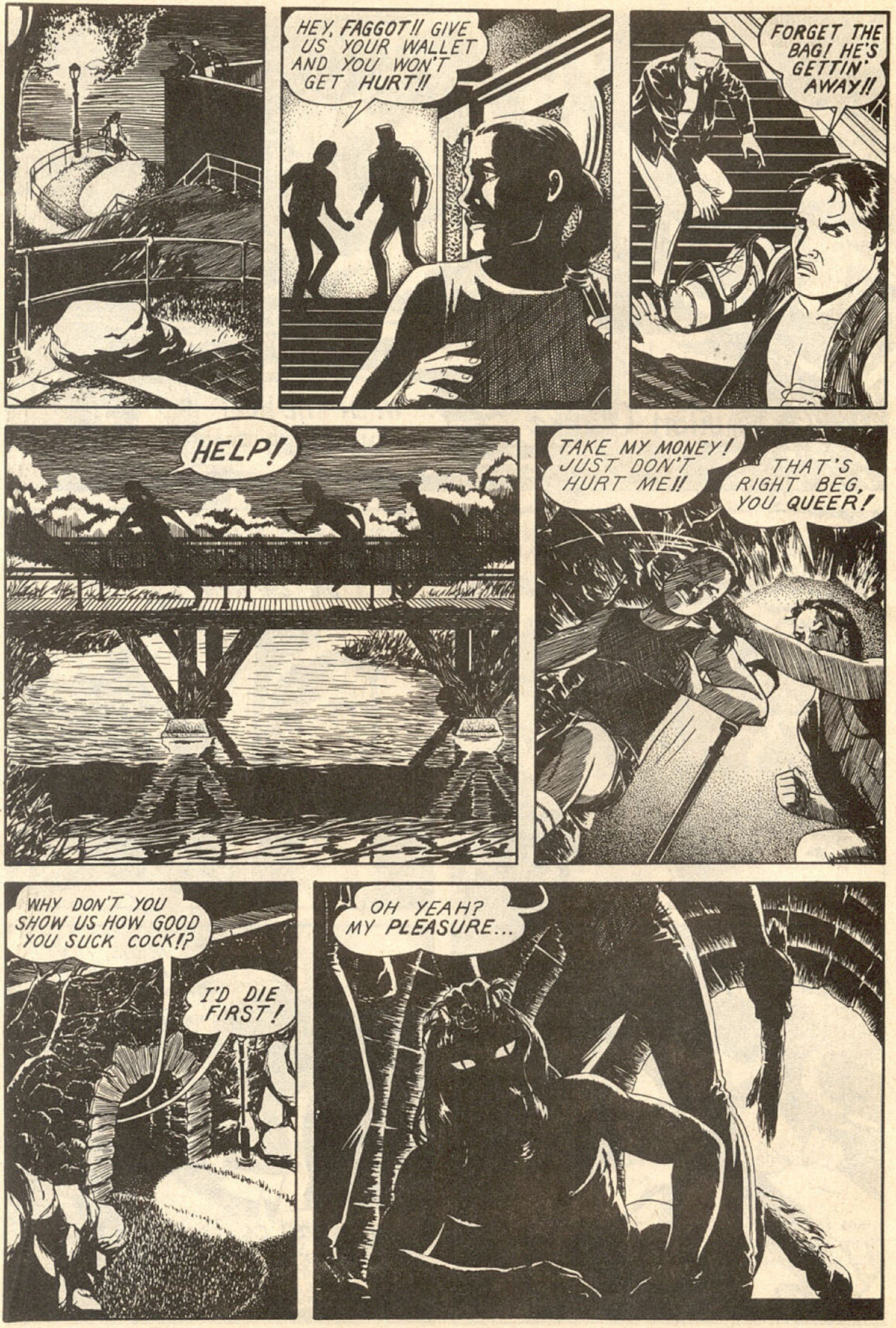
SATYR
by
Burton Clarke
©1986
...WHEN THE HOOF IS ON THE OTHER FOOT...
HEY, RICK! CHECK OUT THE FAG! LET'S FUCK 'IM UP!
NAH, TONY. WE GOT MONEY, MAN.
YOU ALWAYS READY TO MESS WIT' FAGS. I GUESS YOU MUST REALLY DIG 'EM! HA-HA!
JESUS, TONY!! I WAS JUST JOKIN'!!
DON'T NEVER CALL ME NO FAG, SHITHEAD! I'LL KILL YOUR ASS!! NOW LET'S GO!

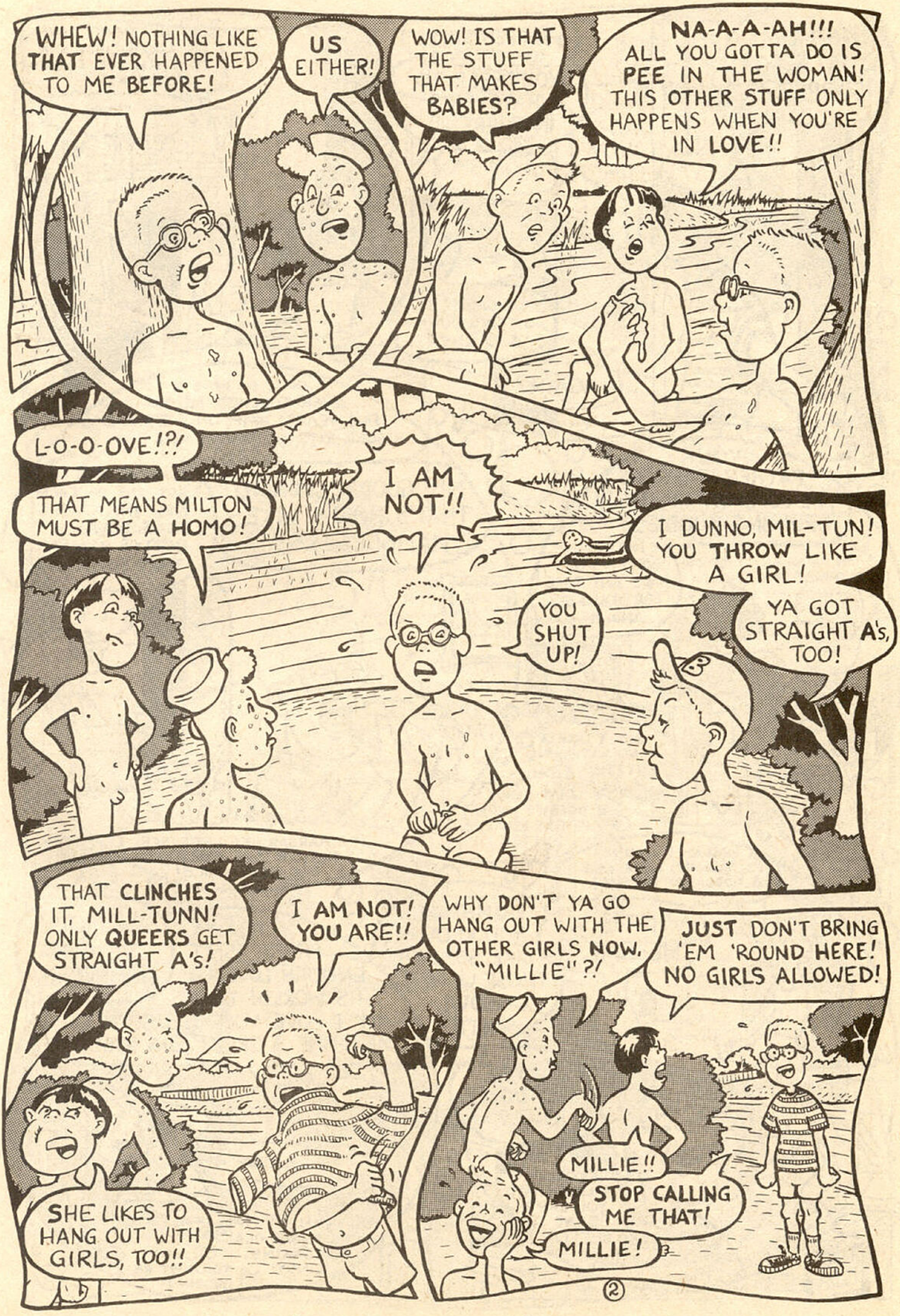

HEY, FAGGOT!! GIVE US YOUR WALLET AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!!
FORGET THE BAG! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!!
HELP!
TAKE MY MONEY! JUST DON'T HURT ME!!
THAT'S RIGHT BEG, YOU QUEER!
WHY DON'T YOU SHOW US HOW GOOD YOU SUCK COCK!?
I'D DIE FIRST!
OH YEAH? MY PLEASURE...

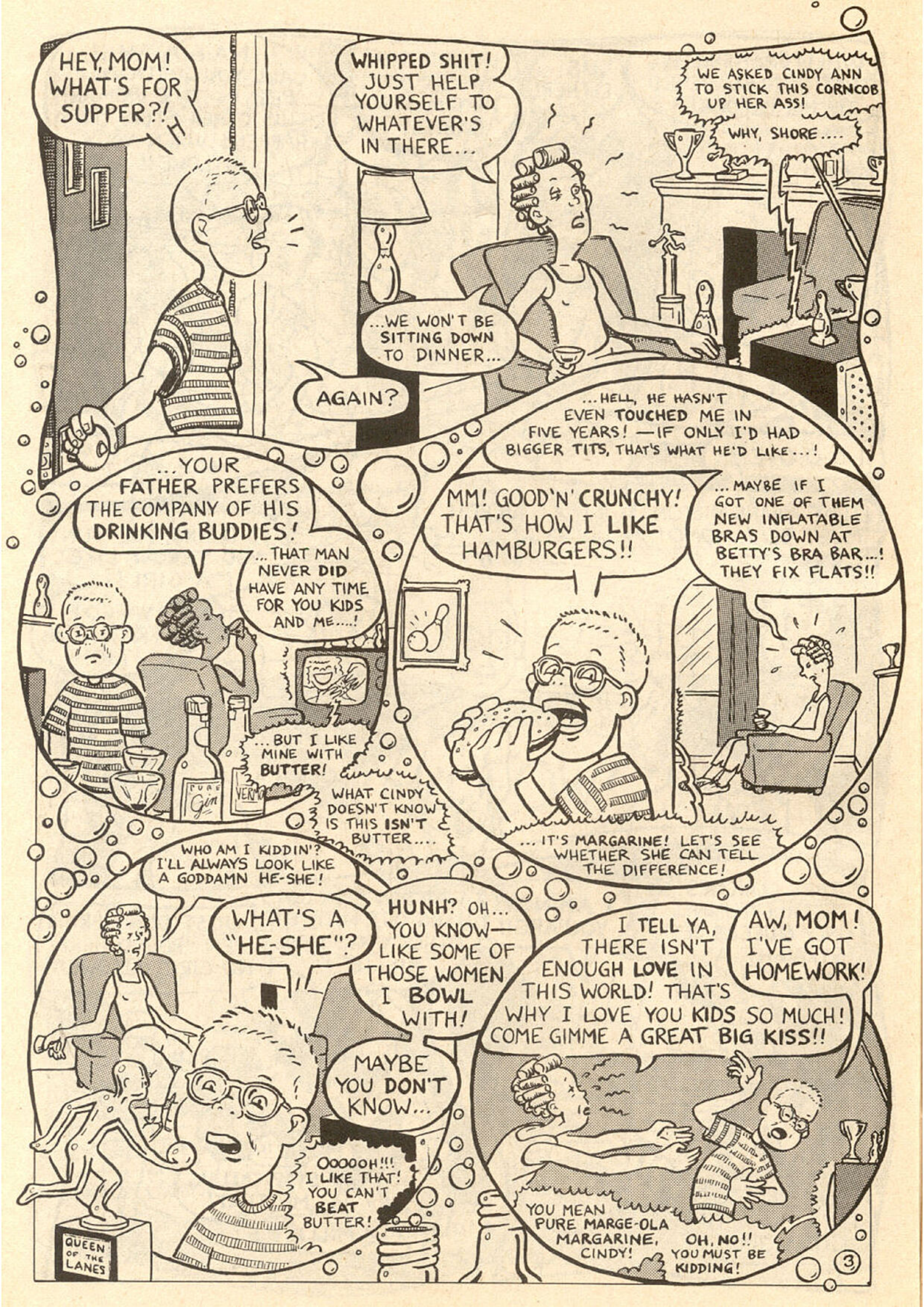
... THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!
AI-E-E-E!!! RICK, HELP ME!
ON THE CONTRARY...
GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCE.
WHO - WHAT ARE YOU!? WHERE'S THE FAG??
I AM HE. BUT SO ARE YOU, ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE A NASTY WAY OF SHOWING IT!
I AIN'T NO FAG! AND I AIN'T AFRAID OF YOU NEITHER!!
BEING A "FAG," MY FRIEND, IS THE LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES RIGHT NOW...
...ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS TO BE TRULY AFRAID...

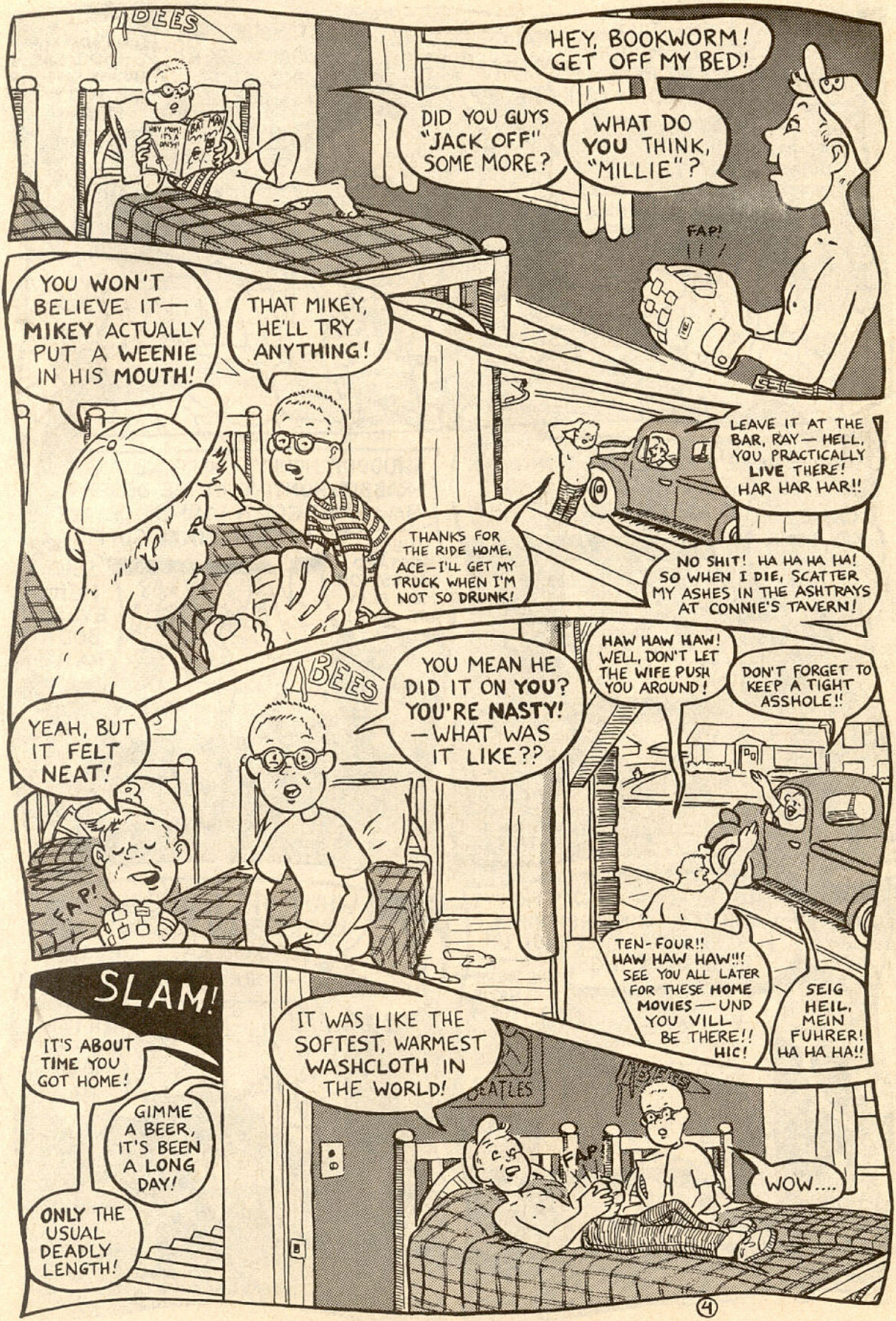
YA-A-AGH!
NOW THAT'S A HOT MAN!
ON THE OTHER HAND, HE COULD BE ALL WET...
...PLEASE... NO MORE...
FEAR IS RELATIVE. YOUR "FEAR OF FAGGOTRY" PALES IN COMPARISON, DOES IT NOT?
Y-YES...
BEING AFRAID DOESN'T MAKE YOU UNIQUE, TONY. IT MAKES YOU HUMAN...

MOVE BEYOND YOUR FEAR... AND LIVE YOUR LIFE...
LATER...
HEY, FAGGOT!!
I LOVE THIS JOB!
BClarke ©1986
The End

ALL RIGHT, MILTON, IT'S YOUR TURN...
OKAY—HEY!! WHERE YOU GUYS GOIN'?
SWIMMIN'! WANNA COME? IT'LL BE FUN!
SURE!!
JEEZ, FREDDY! DIDJA HAFTA INVITE YOUR CREEPY BROTHER?
'S'OKAY—WE'LL DITCH HIM BEFORE THE BIG GAME!
I Know You Are But What Am I?
YEEOW!
THAT'S WHAT I'D CALL A SCREAMING HARD-ON, ALL RIGHT!
IT'S COMING OUT! IT'S COMING OUT!
I TOLD YOU IT WOULD! THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED "COME," STOOPID!
©1987 ROBERT TRIPTOW
1

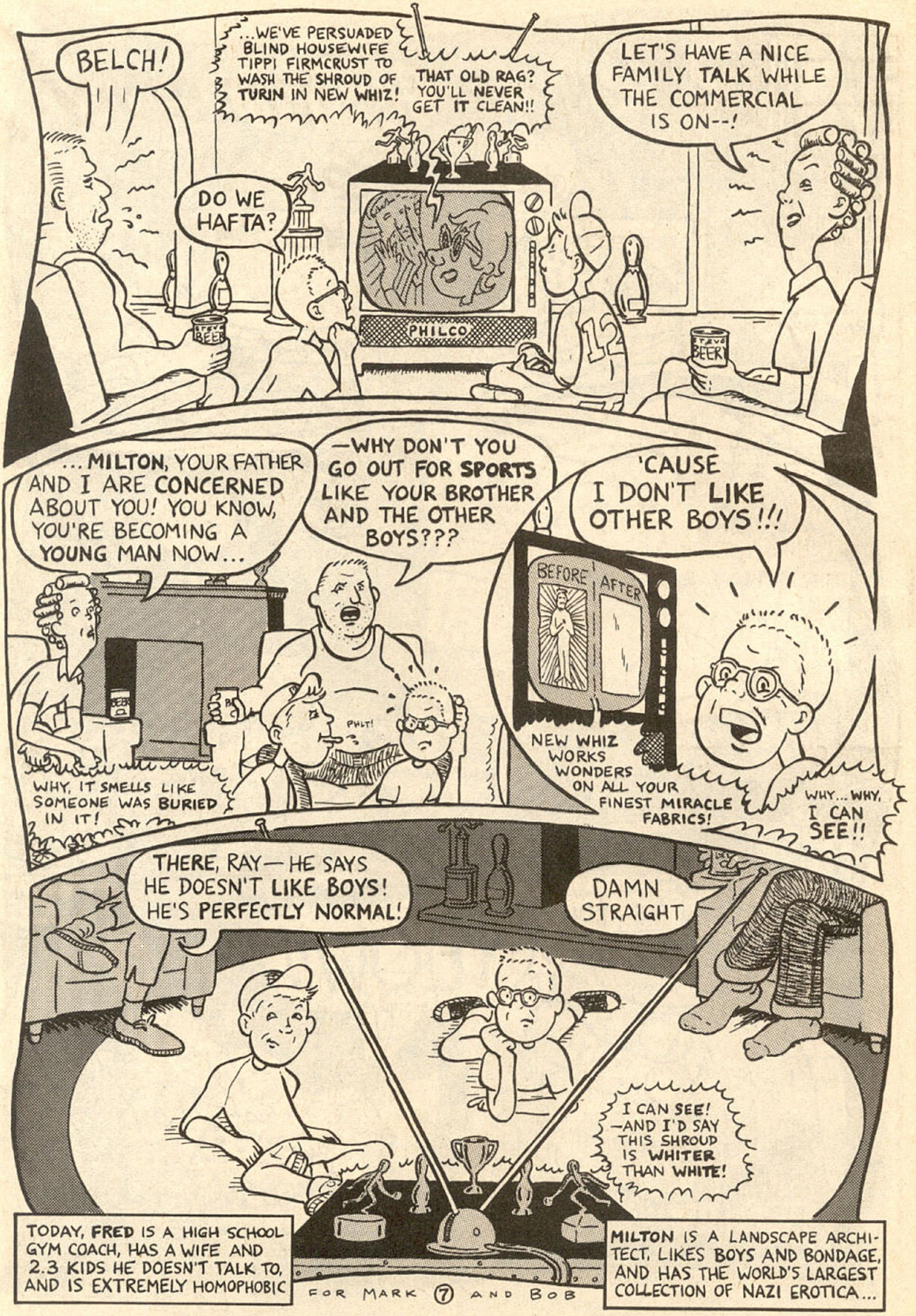

WHEW! NOTHING LIKE THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE!
US EITHER!
WOW! IS THAT THE STUFF THAT MAKES BABIES?
NA-A-A-AH!!! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS PEE IN THE WOMAN! THIS OTHER STUFF ONLY HAPPENS WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE!!
L-O-O-OVE!?!
THAT MEANS MILTON MUST BE A HOMO!
I AM NOT!!
I DUNNO, MIL-TUN! YOU THROW LIKE A GIRL!
YA GOT STRAIGHT A's, TOO!
YOU SHUT UP!
THAT CLINCHES IT, MILL-TUNN! ONLY QUEERS GET STRAIGHT A's!
I AM NOT! YOU ARE!!
SHE LIKES TO HANG OUT WITH GIRLS, TOO!!
WHY DON'T YA GO HANG OUT WITH THE OTHER GIRLS NOW, "MILLIE"?!
JUST DON'T BRING 'EM 'ROUND HERE! NO GIRLS ALLOWED!
MILLIE!!
STOP CALLING ME THAT!
MILLIE!


HEY, MOM! WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?!
WHIPPED SHIT! JUST HELP YOURSELF TO WHATEVER'S IN THERE...
WE ASKED CINDY ANN TO STICK THIS CORNCOB UP HER ASS!
WHY, SHORE....
...WE WON'T BE SITTING DOWN TO DINNER...
AGAIN?
...HELL, HE HASN'T EVEN TOUCHED ME IN FIVE YEARS! —IF ONLY I'D HAD BIGGER TITS, THAT'S WHAT HE'D LIKE...!
...YOUR FATHER PREFERS THE COMPANY OF HIS DRINKING BUDDIES!
...THAT MAN NEVER DID HAVE ANY TIME FOR YOU KIDS AND ME....!
MM! GOOD'N' CRUNCHY! THAT'S HOW I LIKE HAMBURGERS!!
...MAYBE IF I GOT ONE OF THEM NEW INFLATABLE BRAS DOWN AT BETTY'S BRA BAR...! THEY FIX FLATS!!
...BUT I LIKE MINE WITH BUTTER!
PURE Gin
VEN
WHAT CINDY DOESN'T KNOW IS THIS ISN'T BUTTER....
...IT'S MARGARINE! LET'S SEE WHETHER SHE CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE!
WHO AM I KIDDIN'? I'LL ALWAYS LOOK LIKE A GODDAMN HE-SHE!
WHAT'S A "HE-SHE"?
HUNH? OH... YOU KNOW— LIKE SOME OF THOSE WOMEN I BOWL WITH!
I TELL YA, THERE ISN'T ENOUGH LOVE IN THIS WORLD! THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU KIDS SO MUCH! COME GIMME A GREAT BIG KISS!!
AW, MOM! I'VE GOT HOMEWORK!
MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW...
OOOOOH!!! I LIKE THAT! YOU CAN'T BEAT BUTTER!
QUEEN OF THE LANES
YOU MEAN PURE MARGE-OLA MARGARINE, CINDY!
OH, NO!! YOU MUST BE KIDDING!
3


ABEES
HEY, BOOKWORM! GET OFF MY BED!
DID YOU GUYS "JACK OFF" SOME MORE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, "MILLIE"?
FAP!
YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT— MIKEY ACTUALLY PUT A WEENIE IN HIS MOUTH!
THAT MIKEY, HE'LL TRY ANYTHING!
LEAVE IT AT THE BAR, RAY— HELL, YOU PRACTICALLY LIVE THERE! HAR HAR HAR!!
THANKS FOR THE RIDE HOME, ACE—I'LL GET MY TRUCK WHEN I'M NOT SO DRUNK!
NO SHIT! HA HA HA HA! SO WHEN I DIE, SCATTER MY ASHES IN THE ASHTRAYS AT CONNIE'S TAVERN!
ABEES
YEAH, BUT IT FELT NEAT!
YOU MEAN HE DID IT ON YOU? YOU'RE NASTY! —WHAT WAS IT LIKE??
HAW HAW HAW! WELL, DON'T LET THE WIFE PUSH YOU AROUND!
DON'T FORGET TO KEEP A TIGHT ASSHOLE!!
FAP!
TEN-FOUR!! HAW HAW HAW!!! SEE YOU ALL LATER FOR THESE HOME MOVIES—UND YOU VILL BE THERE!! HIC!
SEIG HEIL, MEIN FUHRER! HA HA HA!!
SLAM!
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HOME!
GIMME A BEER, IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY!
ONLY THE USUAL DEADLY LENGTH!
IT WAS LIKE THE SOFTEST, WARMEST WASHCLOTH IN THE WORLD!
BEATLES
ABEES
FAP!
WOW....

YOU ABOUT GOT THAT SCREEN SET UP, MILTON? MOVE IT! WE'RE READY TO GO...!
MARGE, GET ME ANOTHER BEER!
GET YOUR OWN GODDAMN BEER! WE'RE GIRL-TALKING!
MEN!! — SO I SAID, "HONEY, SAVE THAT SHIT FOR YOUR HUSBAND..!"
I'LL FETCH THAT BREW, BUDDY!
SCRUNCH
OKAY— HERE'S THE LITTLE WOMAN AN' THE KIDS WAVIN' GOODBYE AS WE LEFT ON OUR TRIP!
CHRIST, RAY, LOOK AT MY HAIR!
YAWK
WHRRRRRRRRRRRR
SHUDDUP, HONEY— HERE WE ARE OUT RABBIT-HUNTING IN THE DESERT! HAW HAW! GET A LOAD OF OL' ACE IN THAT NAZI SUIT!!
THESE GESTAPO GAMES YOU MEN PLAY ARE SICK!
SEIG HEIL, EVERY-BODY! HA HA!
WHRRRRRRRR
ANOTHER BEER, HON?
THANKS, HON
THIS HERE POND WAS PRETTY GOOD FOR SKINNY-DIPPIN'! THAT'S WHERE WE SHOT UP THOSE DUCKLINGS...
WE WERE THE NAZIS AND THEM BABY DUCKS WAS THE JEWS, GET IT? HAW HAW!
WHRRRRRRRR
SHIT, RAY!! THE KIDS!
WHUT THE HAIL?! ONE A'YOU JOKERS BEEN FOOLIN' WITH MY CAMERA?? JEZUS!!
— SORRY, LADIES, NO GIRLS ALLOWED! HEH HEH...
HAW HAW HAW!!
WHRRRRRRRRRRRR
5

LIGHTS OUT, BOYS!
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT??
...NOT TONIGHT, RAY! YOU'RE DRUNK!
OH! OH!
— SORRY, LADIES... NO GIRLS ALLOWED!
WHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
YEOW!!
HMF!


BELCH!
...WE'VE PERSUADED BLIND HOUSEWIFE TIPPI FIRMCRUST TO WASH THE SHROUD OF TURIN IN NEW WHIZ!
THAT OLD RAG? YOU'LL NEVER GET IT CLEAN!!
LET'S HAVE A NICE FAMILY TALK WHILE THE COMMERCIAL IS ON--!
DO WE HAFTA?
PHILCO
...MILTON, YOUR FATHER AND I ARE CONCERNED ABOUT YOU! YOU KNOW, YOU'RE BECOMING A YOUNG MAN NOW...
—WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT FOR SPORTS LIKE YOUR BROTHER AND THE OTHER BOYS???
'CAUSE I DON'T LIKE OTHER BOYS!!!
BEFORE
AFTER
PHLT!
WHY, IT SMELLS LIKE SOMEONE WAS BURIED IN IT!
NEW WHIZ WORKS WONDERS ON ALL YOUR FINEST MIRACLE FABRICS!
WHY... WHY, I CAN SEE!!
THERE, RAY—HE SAYS HE DOESN'T LIKE BOYS! HE'S PERFECTLY NORMAL!
DAMN STRAIGHT
I CAN SEE! —AND I'D SAY THIS SHROUD IS WHITER THAN WHITE!
TODAY, FRED IS A HIGH SCHOOL GYM COACH, HAS A WIFE AND 2.3 KIDS HE DOESN'T TALK TO, AND IS EXTREMELY HOMOPHOBIC
MILTON IS A LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT, LIKES BOYS AND BONDAGE, AND HAS THE WORLD'S LARGEST COLLECTION OF NAZI EROTICA...
FOR MARK (7) AND BOB

THIS IS the TRUE STORY OF MY DOG, CASTRO. HE INSPIRED MY COMIC...
CASTRO
BRUCE BILLINGS
CASTRO
EMPTY...
by BRUCE BILLINGS
©1985 PROFESSIONAL ART FEATURES
THAT MEANS SHELLEY WINTERS HAS ALREADY BEEN HERE!!
CASTRO
CASTRO by BRUCE BILLINGS
©1984
I WISH I HAD A HUGE COCK!!
WISHING WELL
KA-BOOM
HEY, KID! LET'S YOU AN' ME GO STEADY
I'LL HAVE TO ASK MOTHER
THANK GOODNESS HE DIDN'T WISH FOR A LITTLE HEAD!

"A FEW DAYS AGO..."

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, HERE IN FRONT OF NORSE COVE CAFE, I HEARD A LITTLE VOICE IN MY HEAD SAY, "GO ACROSS THE STREET." AND WHEN I DID, THERE WAS A STRAY PUPPY IN FRONT OF THE CASTRO THEATRE. A GUY SWEEPING UP THE LOBBY TOLD ME TO TAKE HIM.

CASTRO

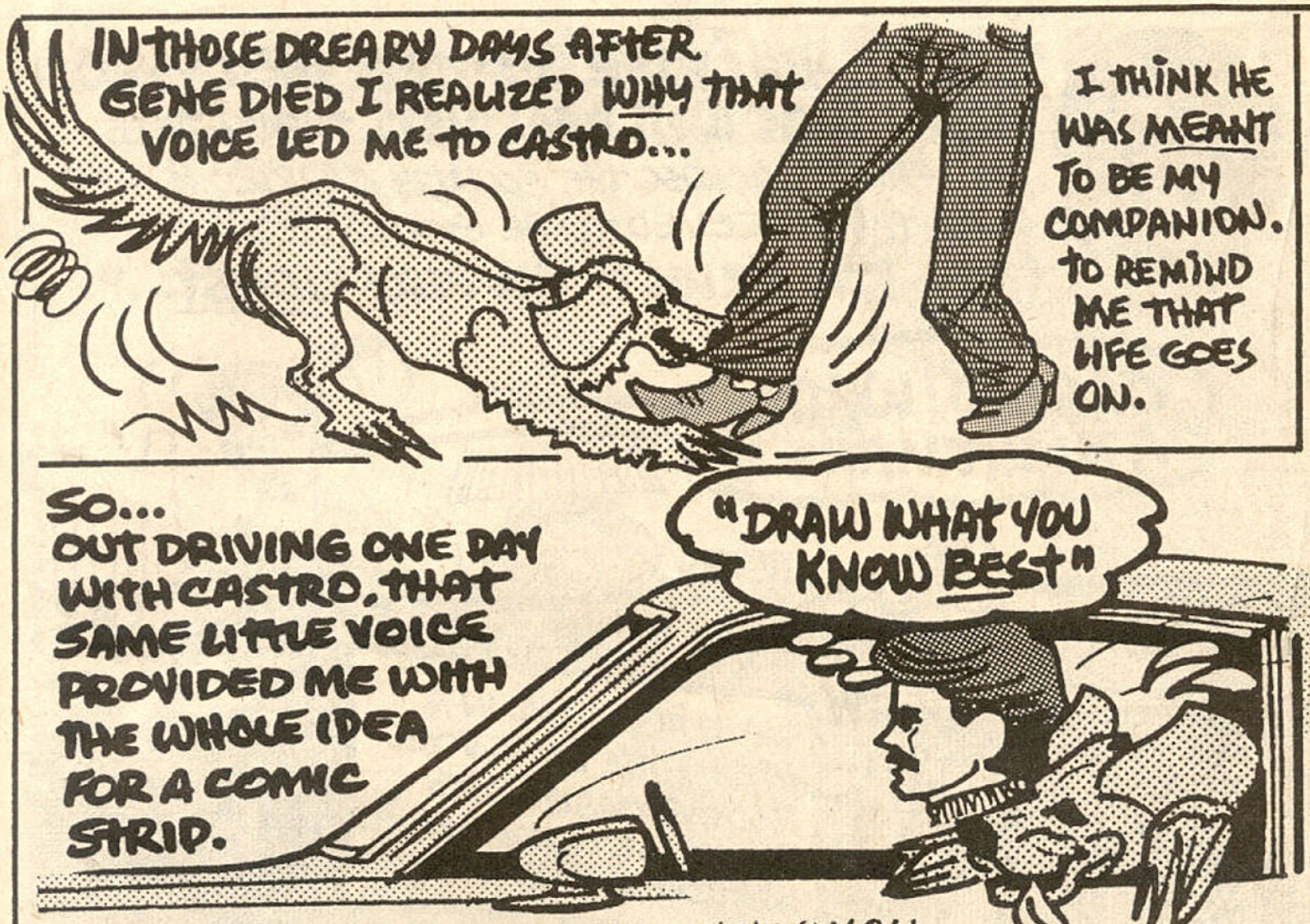
WHAT WILL I DO WITH A DOG...

I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT THAT WIGGLY, WET BUNDLE WOULD BECOME CASTRO DOG, AND CHANGE MY LIFE!

"CASTRO MOVED IN WITH ME AND MY LOVER, GENE..."

HE BECAME A NEW FOCUS FOR US. SOMETHING WE BOTH COULD LOVE. AND WE SPOILED HIM SILLY!

THEN, A FEW MONTHS LATER, GENE DIED IN HIS SLEEP. ME AND CASTRO FOUND HIM.



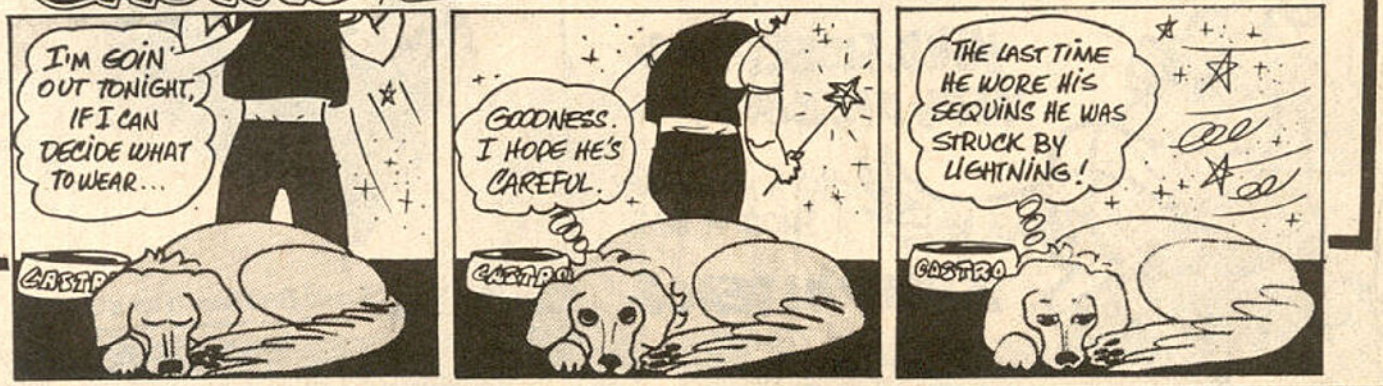
EVERY ARTIST UNDERSTANDS THAT YOU KNOW YOURSELF BEST OF ALL. I TURNED AROUND, WENT HOME, AND DREW FIVE STRIPS BEFORE DAY'S END.

CASTRO by BRUCE BILLINGS

THIS IS STRIP No 1. © DEC., 1979.

CASTRO by BRUCE BILLINGS

THIS IS No 2. THE SAME DAY!



"SIX-YEARS LATER, 'CASTRO' THE COMIC STRIP WAS Well RECEIVED. TWENTY-THREE GAY PAPERS ACROSS THE COUNTRY CARRIED IT, AND EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING WELL. THEN, BAD NEWS !! THE VERY WORST..."

CASTRO! WHAT A NIGHTMARE !!

LATE NOV., 1984. IN A DREAM, THE 'LITTLE VOICE' TOLD ME CASTRO DOG WOULD DIE OF OLD AGE IN ELEVEN MONTHS!

NO! NO! NOT TRUE!!

THE 'VOICE' TOLD ME CASTRO WOULD DIE WED., OCT. 23, 1985.

IN SPITE OF ALL I COULD DO HE DIED AS I HELD HIM IN MY ARMS AT 3PM ON THAT DREADFUL DAY.

WILD, SWEET AND VERY SPECIAL,

THIS IS MY FAVORITE PHOTO OF HIM.

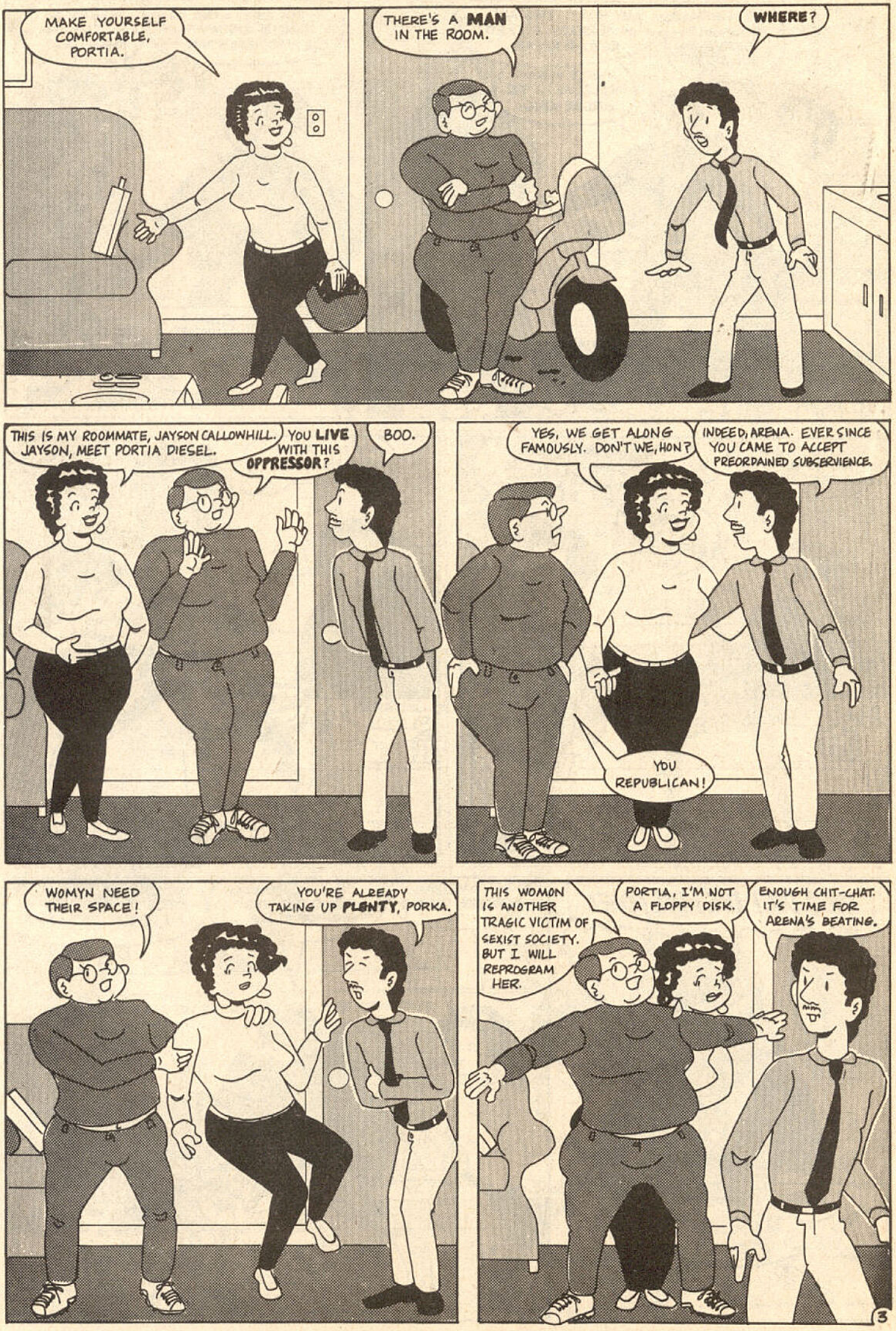
SLEEP IN PEACE
FAITHFUL CASTRO

"Maybe We Should Eat Pizza. That's Quiet!"

CASTRO DOG, SAN FRANCISCO

Jayson™ dykes it out

ARENA, WHAT EVER POSSESSED YOU TO INVITE PORTIA TO DINNER?
I DON'T FEEL I HAVE ENOUGH LESBIAN FRIENDS.
AFFIRMATIVE INTERACTION?
PORTIA IS HELPING ME FIND MY PLACE IN POST-FEMINIST AMERICA.
IT'S CERTAINLY NOT THE KITCHEN.
JAYSON, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY LESBIANS AND GAY MEN DON'T GET ALONG.
GOT A WEEK?
VROOM!
OH, HERE SHE IS NOW. IN "SENSURROUND".
HELL OF A PARKING PROBLEM OUT THERE, SISTER.
PORTIA! MAY I TAKE YOUR HELMET?
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW I JUST SHAMPOOED THE CARPET?

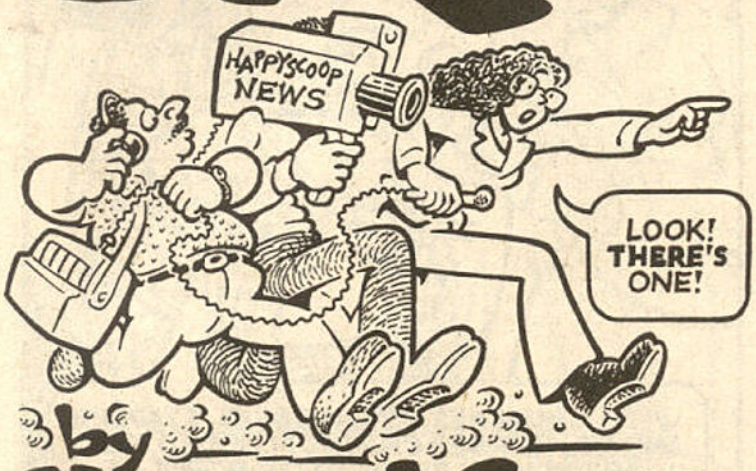

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, PORTIA.
THERE'S A MAN IN THE ROOM.
WHERE?
THIS IS MY ROOMMATE, JAYSON CALLOWHILL. JAYSON, MEET PORTIA DIESEL.
YOU LIVE WITH THIS OPPRESSOR?
BOO.
YES, WE GET ALONG FAMOUSLY. DON'T WE, HON?
INDEED, ARENA. EVER SINCE YOU CAME TO ACCEPT PREORDAINED SUBSERVIENCE.
YOU REPUBLICAN!
WOMYN NEED THEIR SPACE!
YOU'RE ALREADY TAKING UP PLENTY, PORKA.
THIS WOMON IS ANOTHER TRAGIC VICTIM OF SEXIST SOCIETY. BUT I WILL REPROGRAM HER.
PORTIA, I'M NOT A FLOPPY DISK.
ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT. IT'S TIME FOR ARENA'S BEATING.
3

I THINK I SHOULD SERVE DINNER.
WHY NOT? THIS DAY IS ALREADY FUCKED BEYOND REPAIR.
YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME AT THE BURGER KING.
I, FOR ONE, WANT TO SAMPLE ARENA'S CULINARY CREATION.
YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I.
TELL US WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE, ARENA.
A MEAL...
RARE AND REAL...
WITH VISUAL APPEAL...
WORDS WON'T SAVE THIS ONE, HON.
MY SPECIALTY! "ARENA'S WIENAS"!
WITH BLACK BEANS.
WELL, THEY DIDN'T USED TO BE BLACK.
DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE!
IS SOMETHING WRONG, PORTIA?
PHALLIC SYMBOLS BRING OUT THE WORST IN ME.
EXCUSE ME WHILE I SLIP INTO MY STEEL JOCKSTRAP.

I WANT TO BE A GOOD FEMINIST, PORTIA. BUT I SUSPECT THAT MEANS GIVING UP MEN.
LESBIANISM IS THE PRACTICE OF FEMINISM.
THAT DOESN'T WASH ANY MORE THAN YOU DO, PORTIA.
WHO ASKED YOU?
YOU ONLY HATE MEN BECAUSE YOU NEVER GOT A DATE IN HIGH SCHOOL.
THAT'S A RATHER FREUDIAN VAULT.
ADMIT IT! YOU SPENT PROM NIGHT WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST OF SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE!
WHAT IF I DID?
AND IT WAS A FUCKING RERUN, TOO!
WAH!!
I HAD A GREAT TIME AT MY PROM.
WHAT IF IT WAS?
YOU WEREN'T ALONE. REJECTION KNOWS NO SEX.

MY PROM DRESS WAS WHITE TAFFETA. MY MOTHER HELPED ME PICK IT OUT.
WAH!
I'M NOT SURE WHICH OF US WAS MORE EXCITED. OH, ME, I GUESS.
AFTER ALL, ED ROSENBLATT CHOSE ME OVER ALL THE OTHER GIRLS. AND HE WAS A QUARTERBACK AS WELL AS CLASS PRESIDENT. BUT THEN AGAIN, I WAS CO-CAPTAIN OF THE PEP SQUAD.
I SUPPOSE YOU WERE THE HOMECOMING QUEEN, TOO?
RUNNER-UP. BUT I DID GET TO RIDE ON THE FLOAT AND...
SHUT UP, ARENA.
I WONDER WHATEVER BECAME OF ED ROSENBLATT? I SIMPLY MUST DIG OUT MY YEARBOOK AFTER I WASH MY HAIR.
BURGER KING?
TOO PATRIARCHAL. HOW ABOUT WENDY'S?
DAIRY QUEEN!
YOU'RE ON!
KRELL

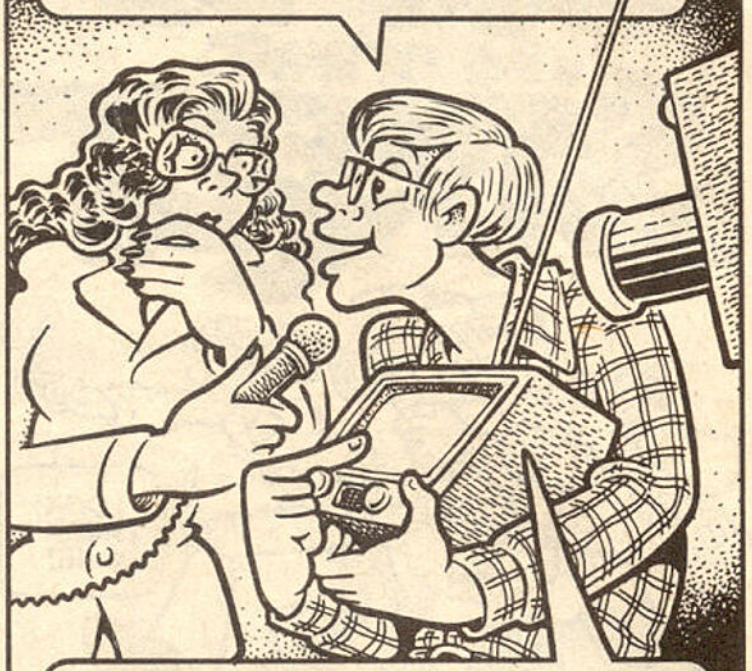
The GAY IN THE STREET



by Howard Cruse

AND SPEAKING OF **EVOLUTION**, THE COMING DECADES MAY CAST NEW LIGHT ON THE **ORIGINS** OF GAYNESS! FAR FROM CURRENTLY HELD THEORIES THAT WE SPRANG FROM **SPORES** PLANTED BY **ANCIENT EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS**, IT WILL EMERGE THAT WE ARE **MYSTICAL APPARITIONS** SENT BY **GOD** TO COMPLETE THE MISSION OF SPREADING **JOY** AND **LIGHT** WHICH THE LATE **JUDY GARLAND** LEFT TRAGICALLY UNFINISHED!

ON A LESS **ESOTERIC** FRONT, THE LEGALIZATION OF **GAY MARRIAGES** (FOR THOSE SO INCLINED) IS AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME...AND THE **BACKLOG** OF **ROMANTIC GAY MATRIMONIALISTS** IS SURE TO CHALLENGE THE NATION'S CAPACITY TO **SCHEDULE** AND **PERFORM** THE APPROPRIATE **CEREMONIES!**



WITH **CHURCHES, SYNAGOGUES, STADIUMS** AND **HAMBURGER CHAINS** FLOODED, OUR COUNTRY WILL TURN TO ITS POPULAR **TELEVISION PROGRAMS** AS VEHICLES FOR ABSORBING THE **OVERLOAD!**...

LESBIAN NUPTUALS WILL BE INCORPORATED SUBTLY INTO **CAGNEY & LACEY** PLOTS! GAY MALE COUPLES MAY GRAVITATE TOWARD THE CHEERY OPTIMISM OF **THE RICHARD SIMMONS SHOW**... OR, IF THEY'D RATHER GO FOR **BUTCH**, THEY CAN BE WED DURING THE COMMERCIAL BREAKS OF **STARSKY & HUTCH** RERUNS!

TERMINALLY **SERIOUS** GAYS WILL **ESCHEW FRIVOLITY** AND TAKE THEIR VOWS DURING TESTS OF THE **EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM!**

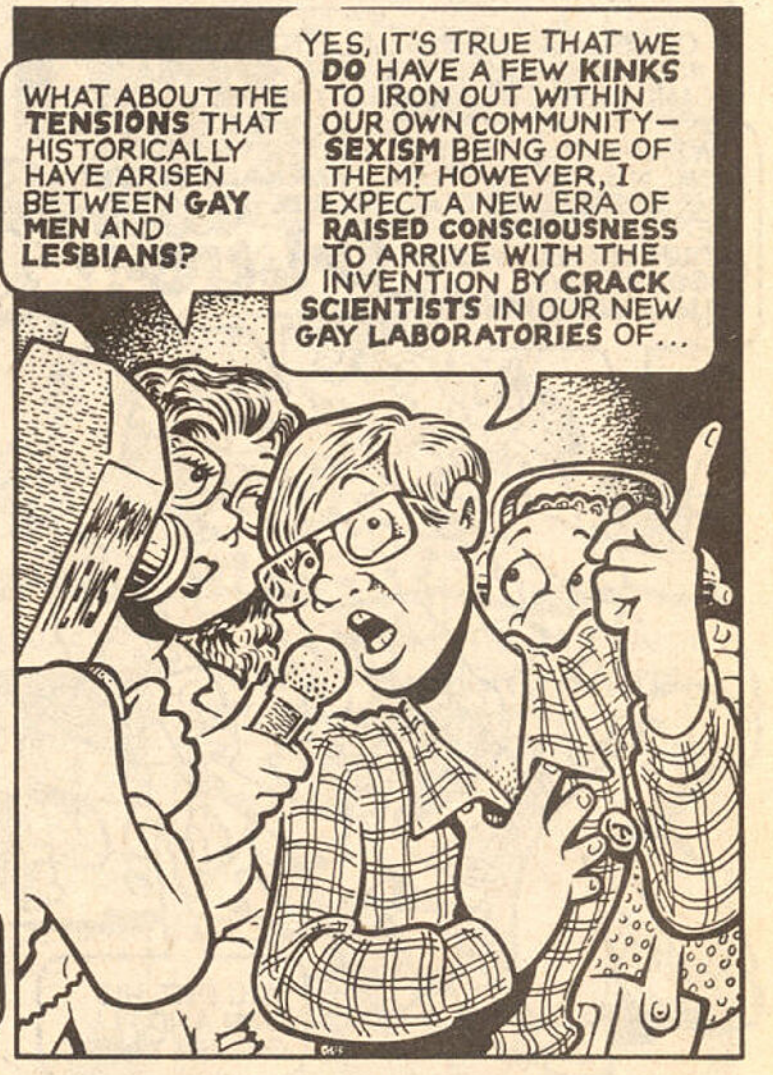
OF COURSE, WE CAN'T LET THE COMFORTS OF **DOMESTICITY** MAKE US FORGET THAT OUR MOVEMENT IS A CONTINUING ARM OF THE **SEXUAL REVOLUTION!** WE MUST NOT BECOME **TIMID!** WE MUST NOT TURN OUR BACKS **ON OUR RADICAL HISTORY!** WE MUST BOLDLY ASSERT OUR RIGHT TO **EXPRESS OUR-SELVES AS HEALTHY SEXUAL BEINGS!**

...LIKE FOR INSTANCE, I'M WEARING THIS FUNNY **PENIS HAT** THAT COULD HAVE GOTTEN ME **ARRESTED** IN THE **FIFTIES!**

SO YOU FORESEE THE YEARS AHEAD AS A PERIOD OF GAY MILITANCY?
MILITANCY! YOU WANNA HEAR ABOUT MILITANCY?? HOO BOY!.. YOU DON'T KNOW FROM MILITANCY 'TIL YOU'VE SEEN THE MILITANCY THAT WE'RE GONNA COME UP WITH!
THE PIECES ARE ALREADY IN PLACE FOR OUR FINAL SURGE TOWARD JUSTICE!

FOR EXAMPLE (chuckle!)...DON'T LET JERRY FALWELL GET WIND OF THIS, BUT HUNDREDS OF FAMOUS, SECRETLY GAY STARS FROM TV AND HOLLYWOOD MEET EVERY THURSDAY AND COMPOSE PRO-HOMOSEXUAL MESSAGES WHICH ARE RECORDED BACKWARDS AND INSERTED INTO THE SOUNDTRACKS OF ALL OF OUR BEST-LOVED FAMILY FARE!
...BUT SHHHH! MUM'S THE WORD!

DON'T THINK THAT OUR PRESENCE WON'T SOON BE FELT IN THE CORRIDORS OF POWER! POLITICIANS WILL IGNORE US AT THEIR PERIL!
WHEN REAGAN AND HIS ILK DEAL WITH US, THEY'LL LEARN TO SAY 'SIR!'
SLAP SLAP...
WE HAVE WAYS OF DEALING WITH THE RECALCITRANT!...


WHAT ABOUT THE TENSIONS THAT HISTORICALLY HAVE ARISEN BETWEEN GAY MEN AND LESBIANS?
YES, IT'S TRUE THAT WE DO HAVE A FEW KINKS TO IRON OUT WITHIN OUR OWN COMMUNITY— SEXISM BEING ONE OF THEM! HOWEVER, I EXPECT A NEW ERA OF RAISED CONSCIOUSNESS TO ARRIVE WITH THE INVENTION BY CRACK SCIENTISTS IN OUR NEW GAY LABORATORIES OF...

...SOLAR-POWERED OPPRESSION-SENSITIVE SUBJECTIVE INSIGHT-EXCHANGE HELMETS!

GEE, BETTY... NOW I UNDERSTAND YOUR POINT OF **VIEW!** I CAN'T **BELIEVE** WHAT **SHALLOW, OPPRESSIVE, POWER-HUNGRY MALE-CHAUVINIST JERKS** ALL OF US GUYS HAVE BEEN! WE DESERVE TO BE BANISHED TO DANTE'S **MOST TERRIBLE RING OF HELL!**

OH, BUT ALVIN... SUDDENLY I CAN SEE HOW I AND MY SISTERS HAVE BEEN **SHRILL, UNBENDING IDEOLOGUES,** UNABLE TO **SYMPATHIZE** WITH THE **TORTURED ANGST** OF **MISUNDERSTOOD MALEHOOD!** LET'S PUT PAST SLIGHTS BEHIND US AND **WORK TOGETHER** FOR THE **BETTERMENT** OF **ALL PERSONKIND!**

THE SAME HIGH-TECH APPARATUS CAN BE USED TO FURTHER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN DIFFERENT **RACIAL, ETHNIC** AND **ECONOMIC GROUPS,** TOO! IN FACT, IT SHOULD ULTIMATELY LET US FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT THE SCORE IS WITH THOSE **LESBIAN SEAGULLS** THAT GOT ALL THAT PUBLICITY A FEW YEARS BACK...

THINK WE CAN GET THREE SECONDS OF **SENSE** OUTA THAT, VERNON?

HEY, **LOOK,** GEORGE! **THAT** ONE IS **PERFECT!**

IF WE **PAD!**

Plaster of Paris

©'84 H. Gruse

ONCE AGAIN GAYS WILL BE AT THE **CULTURAL FRONTIER,** SPREADING **PEACE** AND **LOVE** THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, JUST AS WE DID IN THE **SIXTIES** WITH THE **CARNABY STREET LOOK-**

WRAP HIM UP **QUICK,** MEN! WE MUST CAPTURE THE **ESSENCE** OF OUR CENTURY'S **EPIC STRUGGLE** BETWEEN **BIGOTRY** AND **ENLIGHTENMENT!**

WHA-??

GLUG!!

Plaster of Paris

YOU GET HIS **YIN** AND I'LL GET HIS **YANG!**

GRUSE

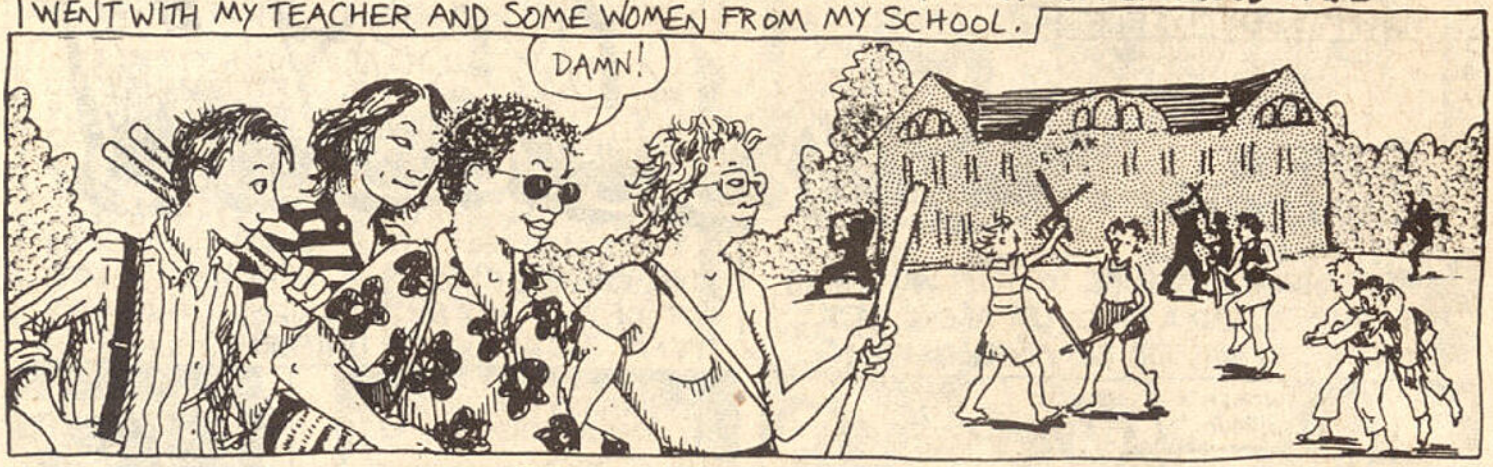
HEY! GET THAT THING OUTA MY **NEIGHBORHOOD!**

GUIDE BOOK

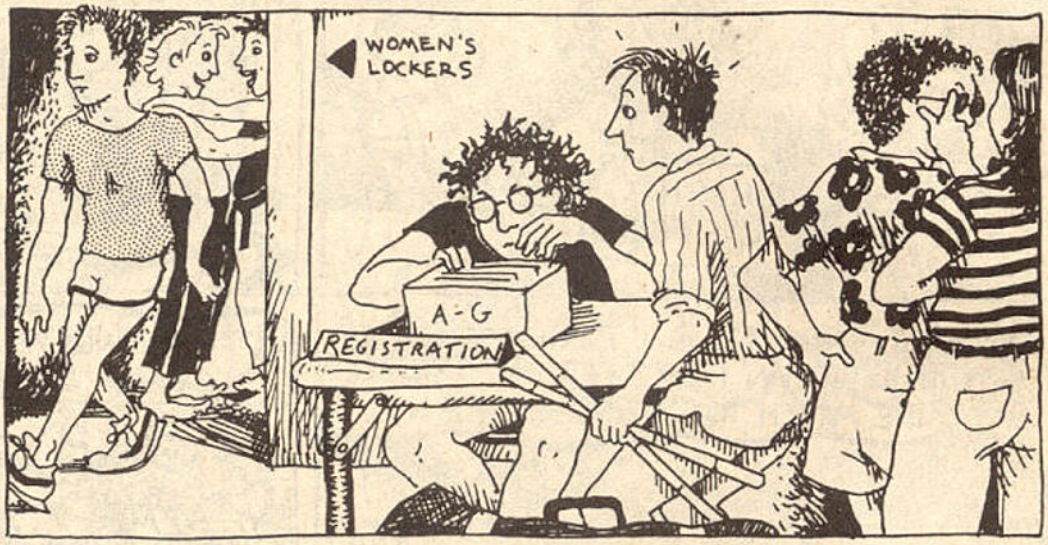
HOMAGE TO A HOMOSEXUAL VISIONARY -1984-

GEORGE SEGAL STRIKES AGAIN!

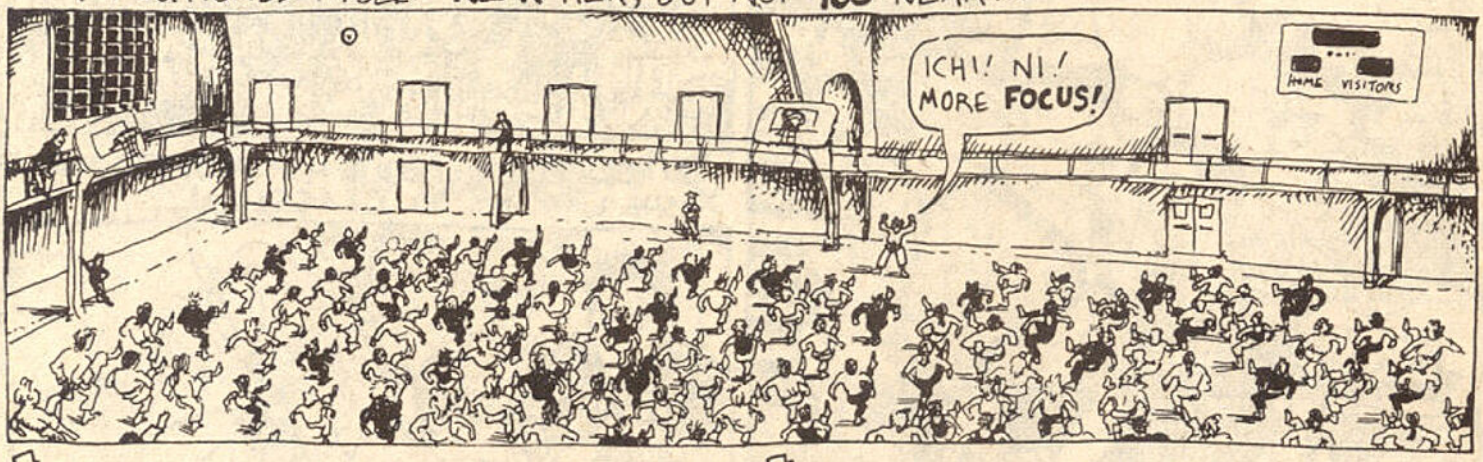
IT WAS A GREAT EVENT. HUNDREDS OF **AMAZONS** GATHERED FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, AND EVEN FROM **EUROPE**, TO STUDY AND TRAIN TOGETHER FOR **FOUR GLORIOUS DAYS**. I WENT WITH MY TEACHER AND SOME WOMEN FROM MY SCHOOL.



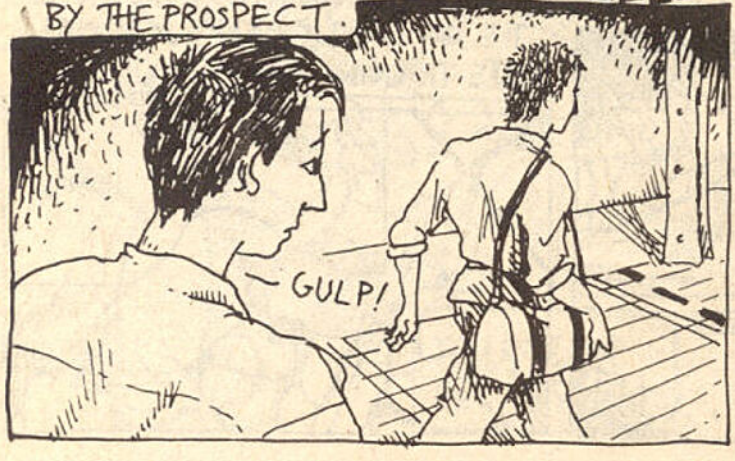
AND THEN, I **SAW** HER! I DON'T HAVE A VERY GOOD MEMORY FOR FACES, BUT I KNEW IT WAS **HER**, THE WOMAN FROM THE MARCH!! I STARTED TO FEEL **WEAK**. ALL THOSE MONTHS OF PUSH-UPS AND SIT-UPS, AND NOW I HAD SUDDENLY **TURNED** TO **JELLY!**



THE FIRST EVENING, ALL **400** OF US HAD A CLASS TOGETHER IN THE GYM. I POSITIONED MYSELF **NEAR** HER, BUT NOT **TOO** NEAR...



I WAS IN TORMENT. I KNEW I HAD TO **TALK** TO HER, BUT I WAS STRANGELY **PARALYZED** BY THE PROSPECT.



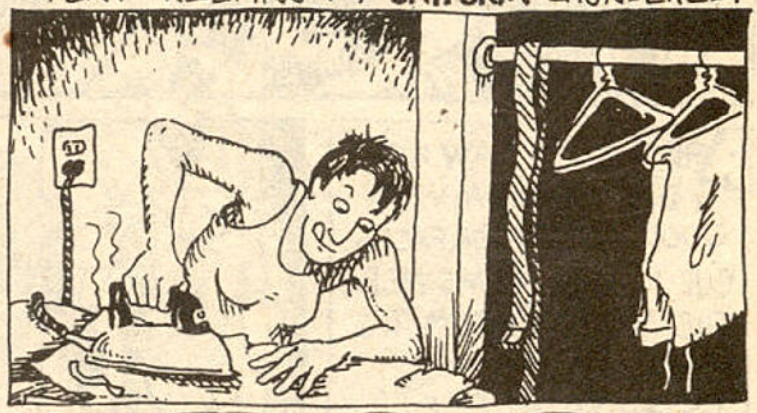
I DIDN'T SLEEP WELL THAT NIGHT.

The CRUSH

© 1986 by
Alison Bechdel

IN RETROSPECT, I WAS **RIPE** FOR IT. IT WAS SPRING AND I HADN'T HAD A DATE, LET ALONE **SEX**, IN MONTHS. I WAS TOO BUSY **SUBLIMATING**.

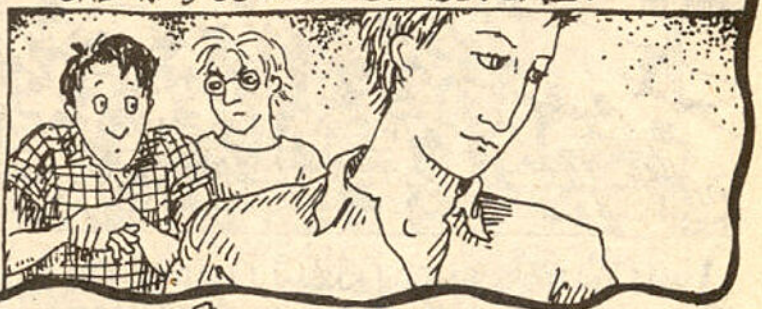
FIVE KARATE CLASSES A WEEK TOOK A LOT OUT OF ME. ANY EXTRA ENERGY I HAD WAS SPENT KEEPING MY **UNIFORM** LAUNDERED.



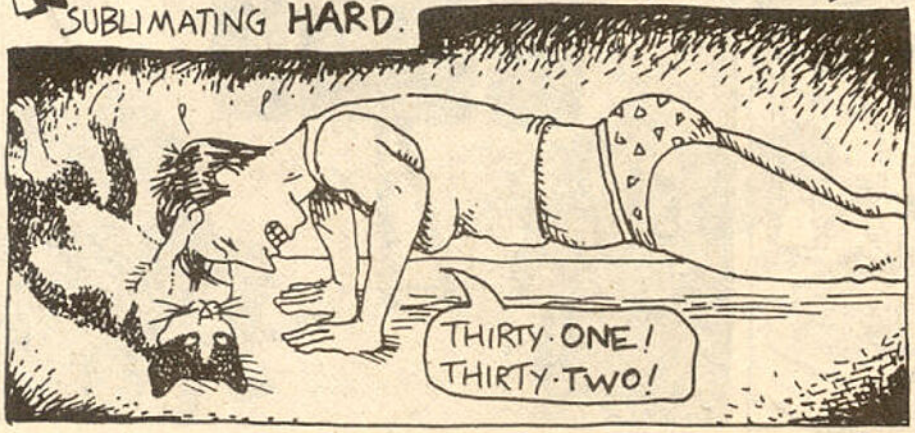
IN FACT, I HAD ALL BUT FORGOTTEN THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I SPOTTED AT THE **GAY PRIDE** MARCH THE YEAR BEFORE...

IT WAS UNUSUAL FOR ME TO BE SO COMPLETELY **STRUCK** BY A STRANGER.

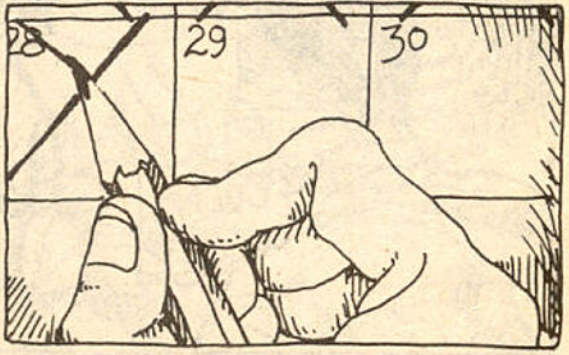
BUT SOMETHING ABOUT HER **MOVED** ME... SHE WAS SO... SO.. **CLASSICAL**.



NOW, HOWEVER, IT WAS A YEAR LATER, AND I WAS SUBLIMATING **HARD**.



I WAS COUNTING THE DAYS UNTIL THE ANNUAL **WOMEN'S MARTIAL ARTS TRAINING CAMP** IN JUNE.

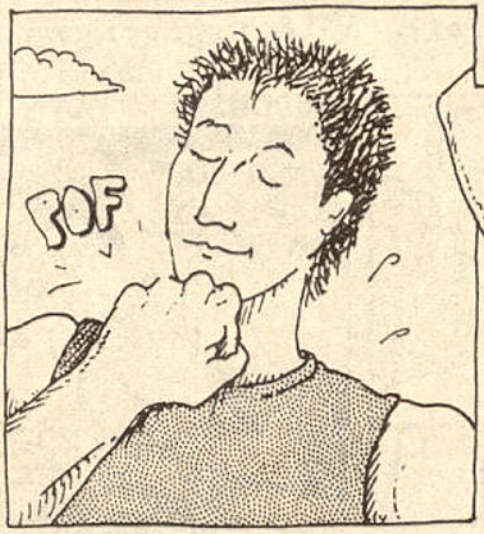


THE NEXT AFTERNOON, WE WERE IN A CLASS TOGETHER OUTSIDE. I **SURPRISED** MYSELF.

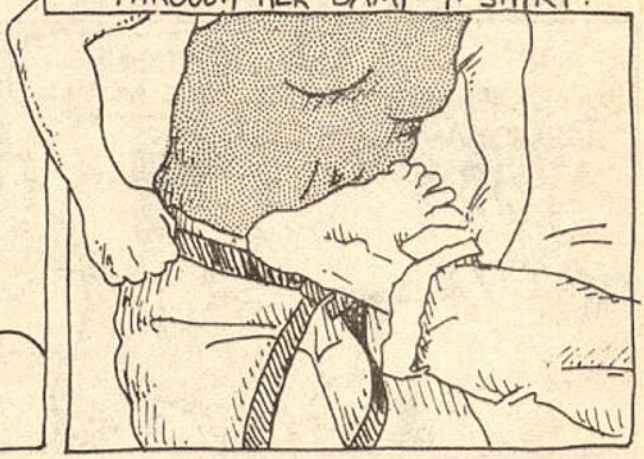
TO MY HORROR AND DELIGHT, SHE **AGREED**. SHE TOSSED HER DAMP GI TOP OFF ON THE GRASS BEFORE WE BEGAN.

THE INSTRUCTOR TOLD US TO DELIVER **SLOW MOTION** ATTACKS TO SPECIFIC TARGETS ON OUR PARTNERS, MAKING **GENTLE** BUT **FIRM** CONTACT.

THE FIRST TIME I **TOUCHED** HER WAS A SLOW BLOW TO HER SWEATY JAW.

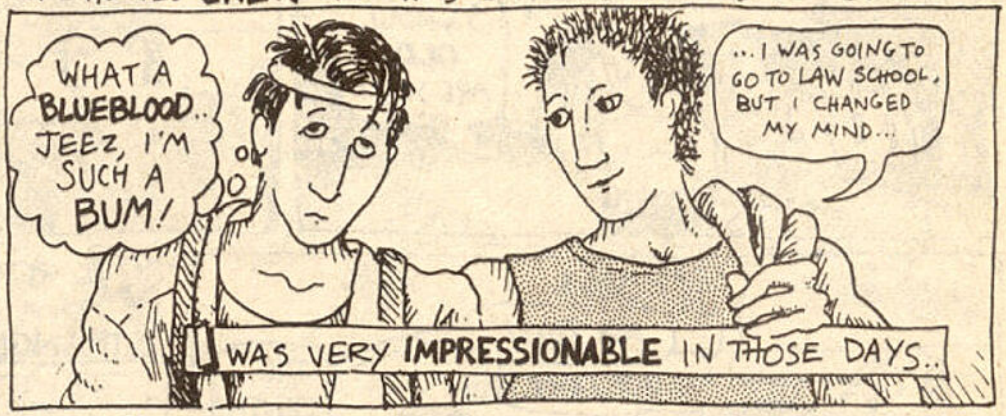


HER STOMACH WAS LIKE A **ROCK** THROUGH HER DAMP T. SHIRT.

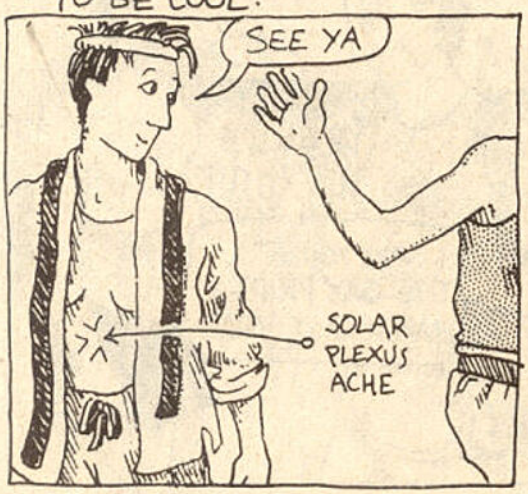


AFTER THE CLASS, SHE ASKED FOR A **DRINK** FROM MY WATER BOTTLE.

WE TALKED ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE GYM. SHE TOLD ME SHE JUST GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE. **IVY LEAGUE.** SHE ROWED **CREW** AND WAS GOING TO BE A **DOCTOR.**



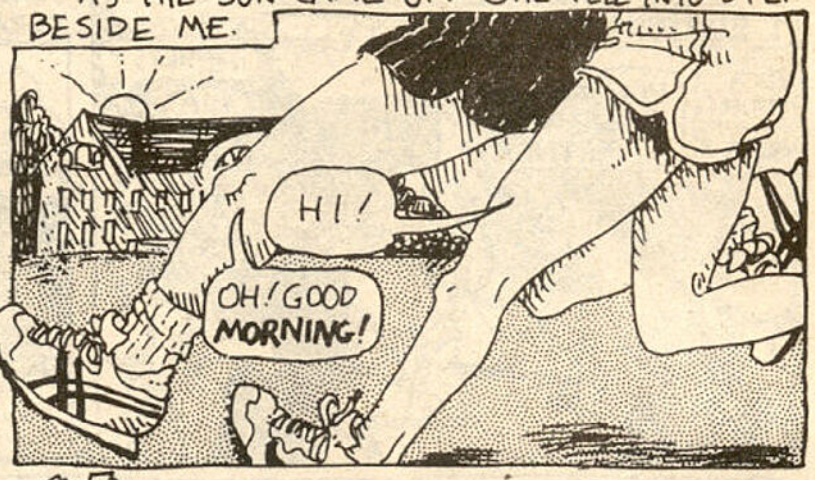
I WAS A GONER, BUT I TRIED TO BE COOL.



NORMALLY A VERY BIG EATER, I FOUND THAT I HAD **COMPLETELY** LOST MY **APPETITE!**

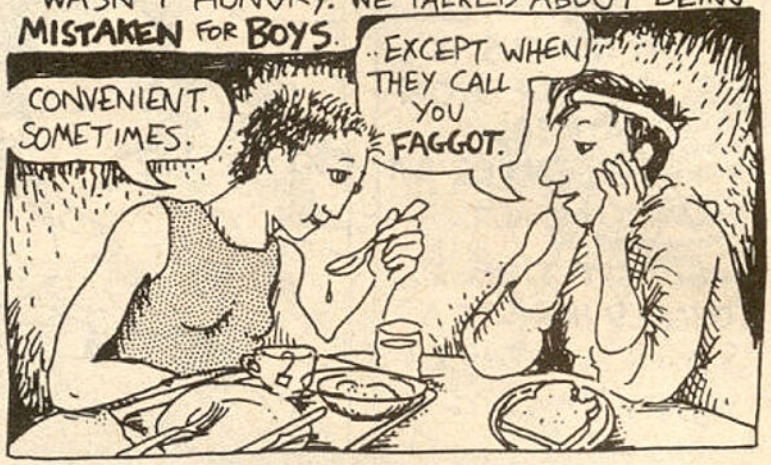
I BEGAN TO ANNOY MY FRIENDS.

THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS OUT RUNNING AS THE SUN CAME UP. SHE FELL INTO STEP BESIDE ME.

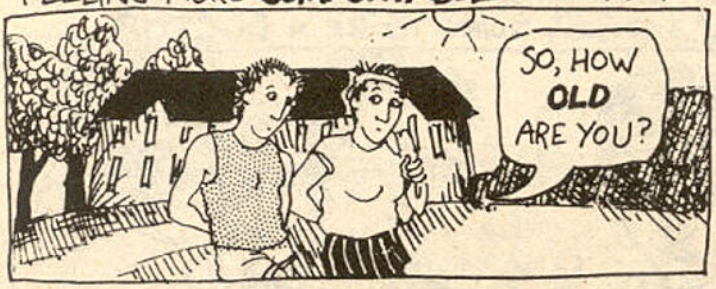


SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL ATHLETE, AND TALKED EASILY AS WE RAN.

WE BREAKFASTED TOGETHER. I STILL WASN'T HUNGRY. WE TALKED ABOUT BEING MISTAKEN FOR BOYS.

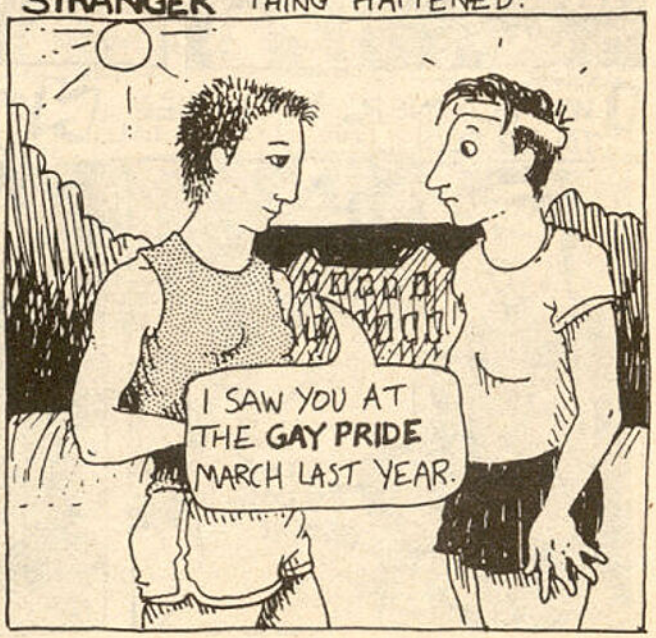


ON THE WAY BACK TO THE DORMS, I WAS FEELING MORE COMFORTABLE WITH HER...



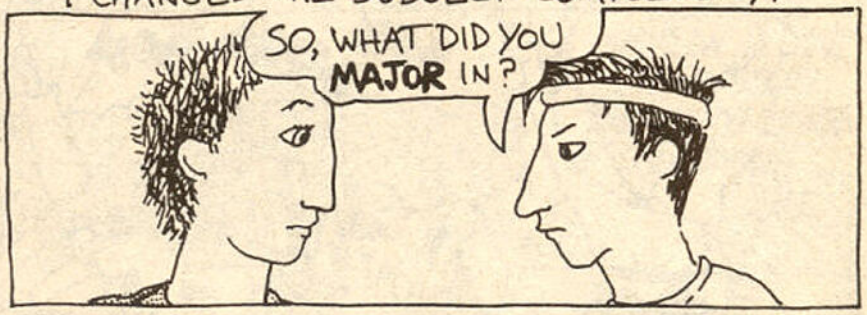
THEN A STRANGE THING HAPPENED...

WE REMARKED ON THE COINCIDENCE FOR A WHILE, AND THEN AN EVEN STRANGER THING HAPPENED!

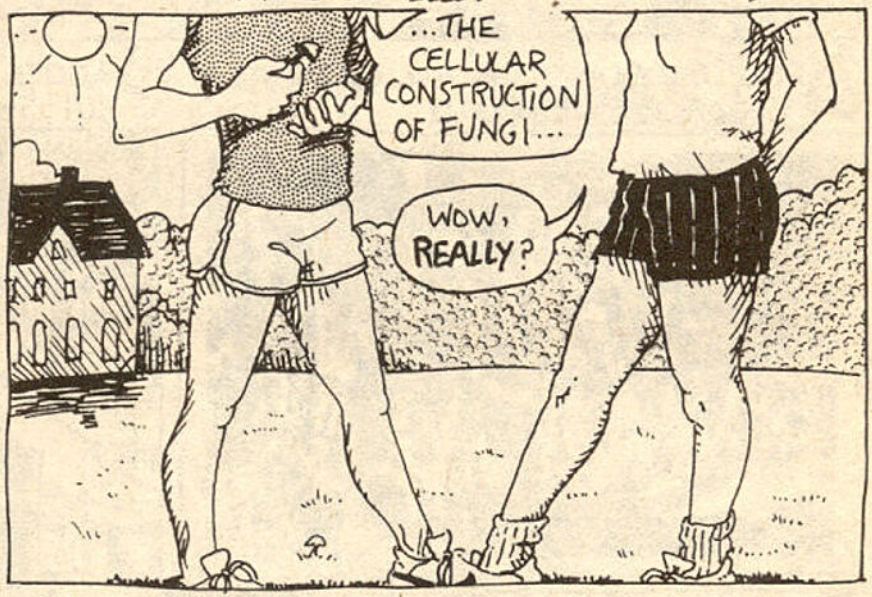


I DISGUISED MY **SWOON** WITH AN ATTEMPTED HANDSTAND.

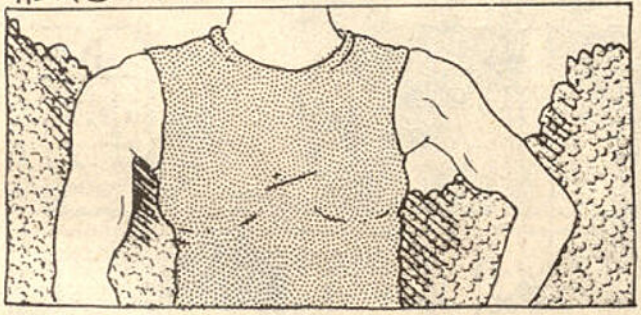
THEN, OVERCOME WITH SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, I CHANGED THE SUBJECT COMPLETELY.



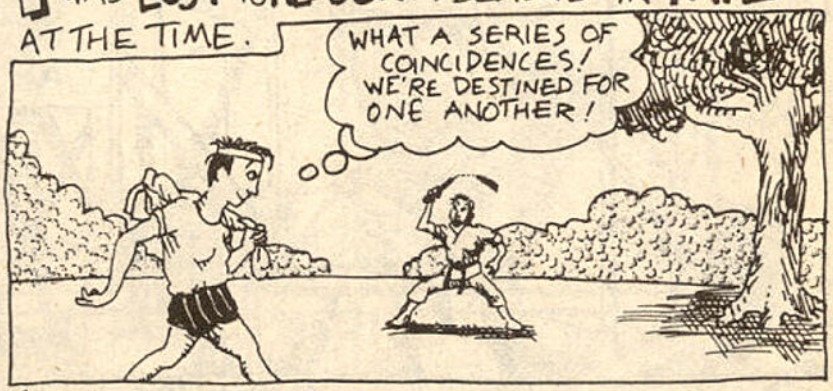
WE STOOD THERE TALKING AS THE SUN DRIED THE GRASS. SHE SPOKE WITH A FAINT **DRAWL**. HER EYES WERE **VIOLET**, AND SHE SMELLED OF COCONUT OIL.



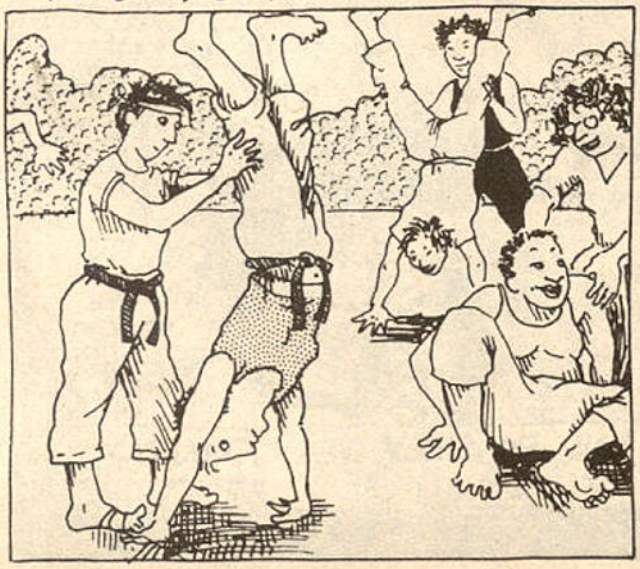
I WAS **MESMERIZED** BY HER **BICEPS** AND THE **VEIN** THAT RAN ACROSS HER SHOULDER. HER SKIN WAS LIKE POLISHED **MARBLE.**



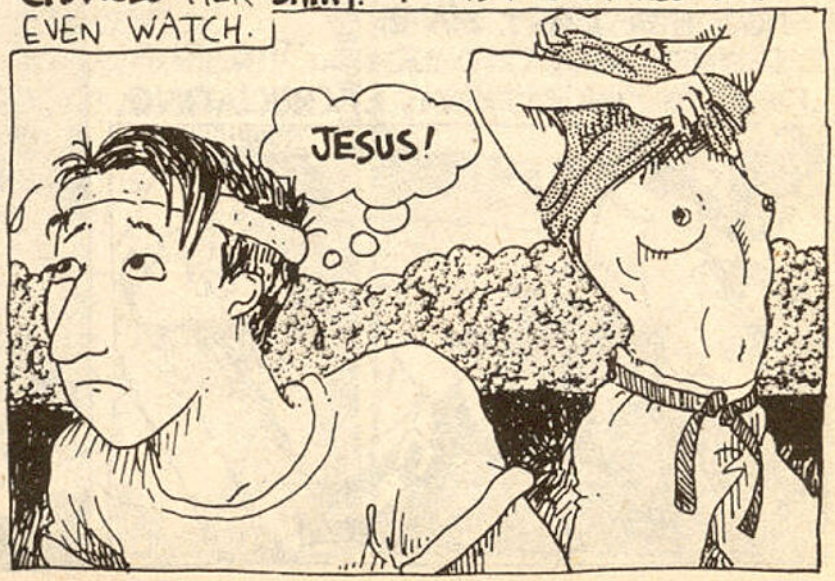
I WAS **LOST** TO **REASON**. I BELIEVED IN **FATE** AT THE TIME.



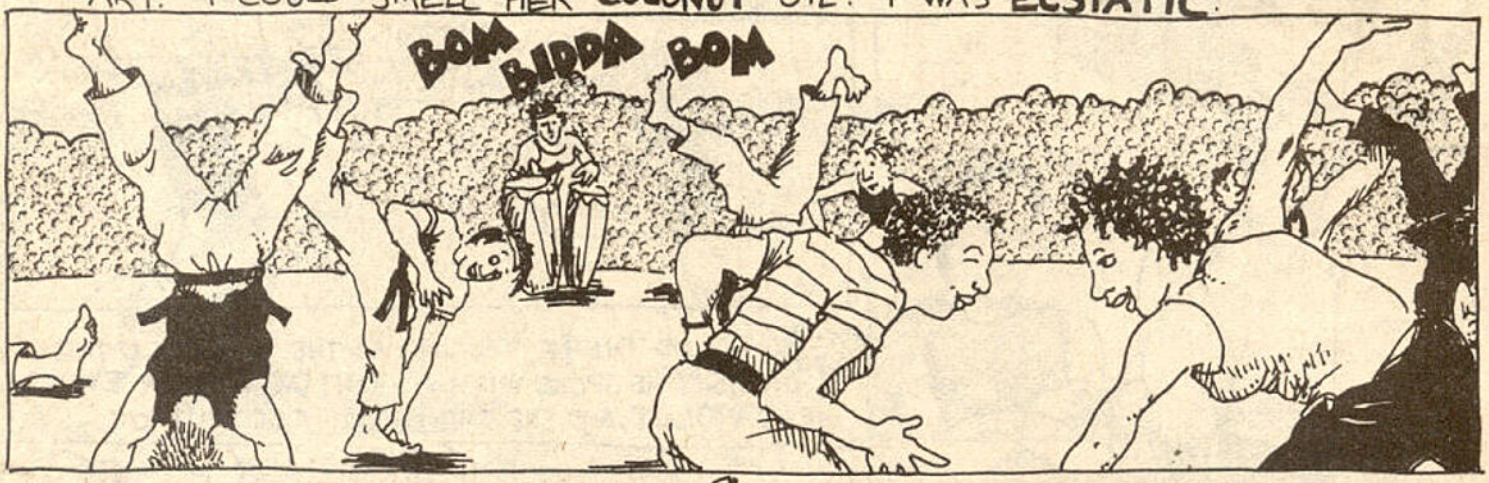
WE WERE PARTNERS TOGETHER IN THE **LAST CLASS** OF THE WEEKEND.



IT WAS A VERY **HOT** MORNING. AT ONE POINT SHE **CHANGED** HER **SHIRT**. I WAS TOO OVERCOME TO EVEN WATCH.

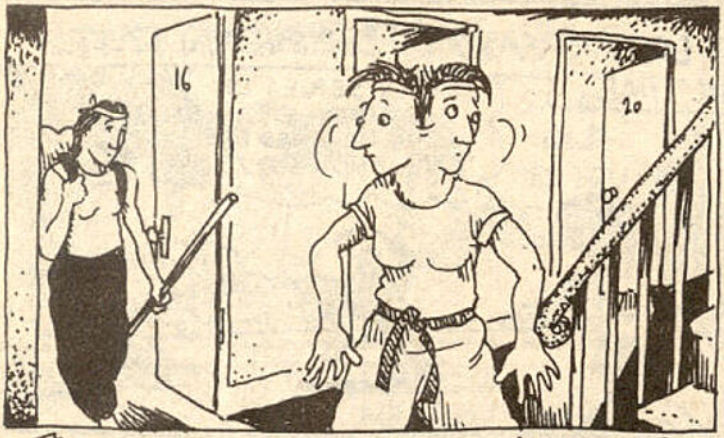


WE WERE LEARNING THE BASICS OF A **STRANGE, BRAZILIAN** MARTIAL ART. I COULD SMELL HER **COCONUT** OIL. I WAS **ECSTATIC**.

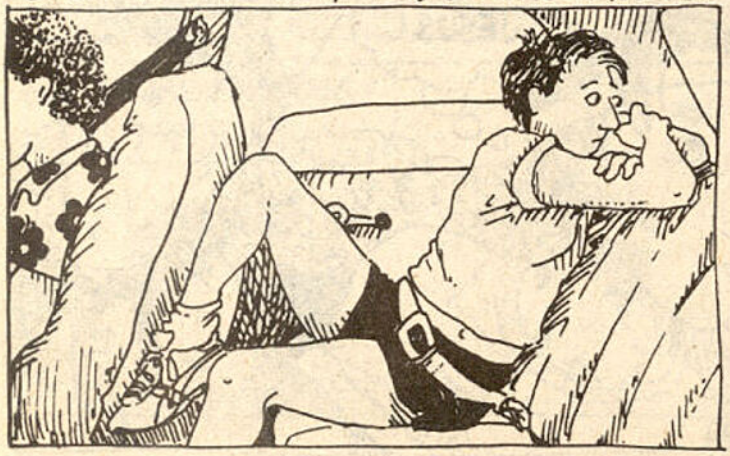


AFTER THE CLASS, WE ALL GATHERED FOR A GROUP PHOTO.

I LOOKED FOR HER TO SAY GOODBYE, BUT SHE HAD **DISAPPEARED**.



THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HER **ANYWHERE**. **CRUSHED**, I REALIZED I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HER **LAST NAME!** I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE. THE DRIVE BACK TO THE CITY WAS **EXCRUCIATING**.



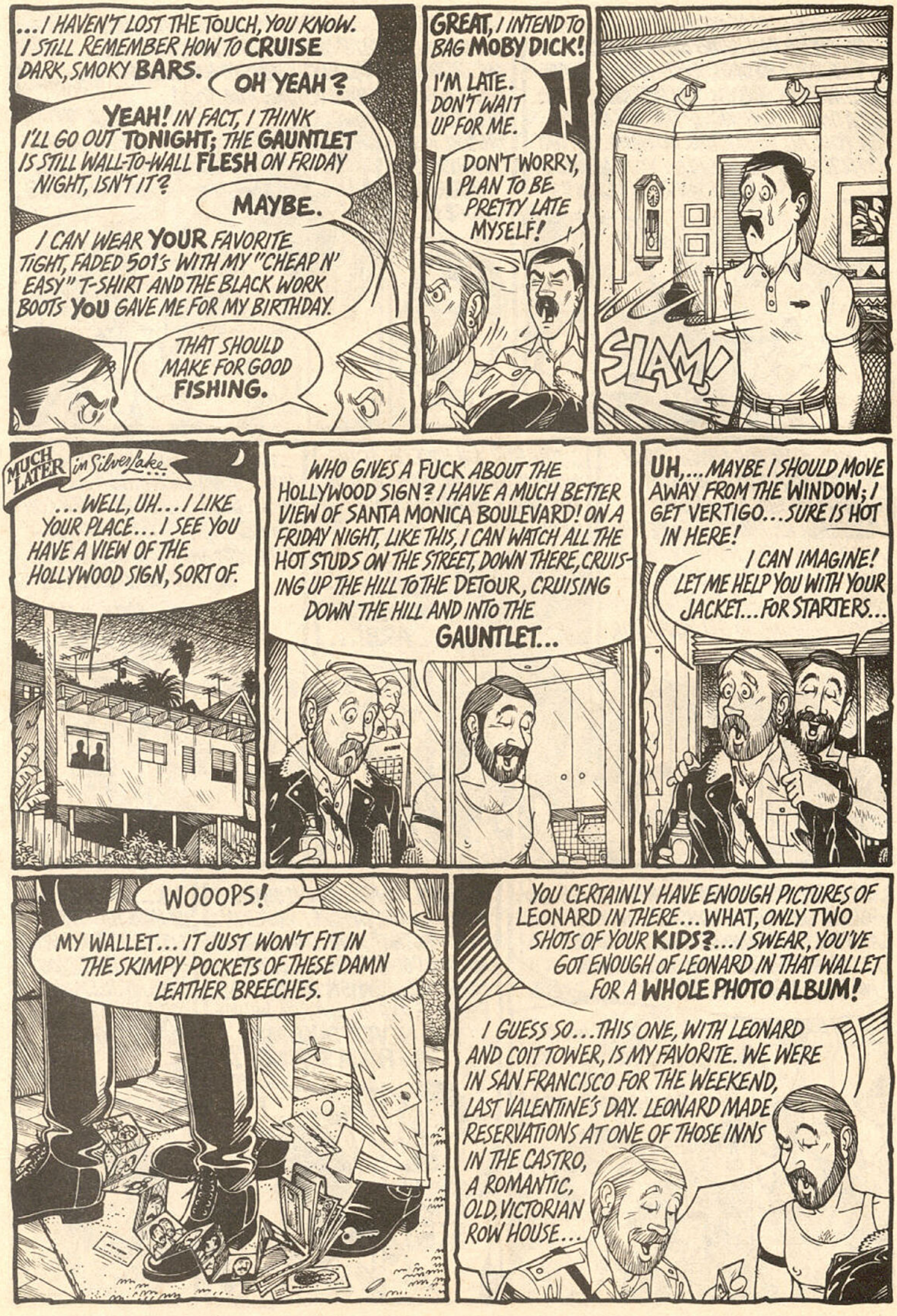
I DIDN'T WASH MY DIRTY GI FOR **DAYS**. IT SMELLED LIKE **GRASS** AND **FRESH AIR** AND **SWEAT**...

AND **POSSIBLY**, VERY **FAINTLY**, OF COCONUT OIL.

Leonard & Larry
by TIM BARELA ©1986
"...till tricks do us part."
WOW, MAN, THIS IS RAD!
MELROSE AV 3700
LARRY'S
Cheap Chic
3706
LEATHER
IT'S ALSO QUITE EXPENSIVE.
I TOLD YA WE SHOULDN'TA COME TO A FAG STORE; THEY ALWAYS CHARGE TOO MUCH!
JIM. PLEASE, TAKE OVER AND SEE TO THE BOBBSIE TWINS FOR ME. LEONARD AND I HAVE BEEN AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS ALL WEEK; THESE TWO ARE THE LAST THINGS I NEED RIGHT NOW.
JUST AS WELL. THERE'S A CUSTOMER IN THE BACK ROOM WHO INSISTS ON BEING HELPED ONLY BY YOU.
YES, MAY I HELP YOU?
HELLO, LARRY.
OH MY G—! ...GORDON? GORDON TALBERT?! MY EX-WIFE'S EX-FIANCÉ?!! ...MY, YOU'VE CHANGED.
SURE HAVE. GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT'S WHY I'M HERE—TO THANK YOU. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I DON'T THINK I WOULD HAVE EVER COME OUT OF THE CLOSET OR ENDED THAT FARCICAL ENGAGEMENT TO YOUR EX-WIFE...REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, THAT SILLY DINNER PARTY SHARON DRAGGED ME TO AT YOUR PLACE?... THAT ONE NIGHT CHANGED MY WHOLE LIFE!
...WHEN YOU OPENED THAT DOOR, HAIRY CHEST EXPOSED, DRESSED COMPLETELY IN BLACK LEATHER, YOU AROUSED IN ME PASSIONS I DIDN'T KNOW EXISTED! ...FROM THAT MOMENT, ON, I NOT ONLY KNEW THAT SOMEDAY I HAD TO HAVE YOU, BUT THAT I HAD TO BE LIKE YOU, AS WELL... LOOK, I'VE EVEN HAD MY TITS PIERCED, JUST LIKE YOU!
HOLY SHIT!
OH, LARRY, YOU HUNK, YOU GORGEOUS MAN! LET ME PERSONALLY THANK YOU FOR OPENING THE DOOR OF MY CLOSET AND CHANGING MY LIFE... LET'S GO TO MY PLACE, CHAIN OUR TIT RINGS TOGETHER AND I'LL THANK YOU ALL NIGHT LONG!
GASP!!

BUT... BUT... WHAT ABOUT LEONARD?
WHO?
LEONARD ... MY LOVER.
OH, HIM. ... WELL, IF HE WANTS HE CAN JOIN US IN A THREE WAY SOMETIME, BUT NOT TONIGHT...
BUT LEONARD AND I ARE MONOGAMOUS.
OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! ... GIVE ME A BREAK, GIRL; THIS IS THE 1980's! I KNOW THAT MONOGAMY IS BACK IN STYLE THESE DAYS, BUT REALLY! ... ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT LEONARD SPENDS ALL DAY WORKING WITH THOSE HOT MODELS IN HIS PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO AND YOU SPEND ALL DAY OUTFITTING THESE HUNKS HERE IN YOUR LEATHER SHOP, AND NEITHER OF YOU HAVE EVER BEEN, AT LEAST, TEMPTED TO FOOL AROUND?
... I MEAN, COME ON. THINGS BETWEEN YOU 'N LEONARD CAN'T BE SO GREAT THAT MAKING IT WITH ME WOULDN'T BE... A NICE CHANGE OF PACE? HMMM? ... LIFE IS SO SHORT...
LATER...
LEONARD?
I'M IN THE DINING ROOM, GOING THRU THE MAIL.
LEONARD, WE HAVE TO TALK...
I AGREE; THERE'S A LITTLE PROMOTIONAL PACKAGE HERE ADDRESSED TO "THE LADY OF THE HOUSE." ... WOULD YOU RATHER OPEN IT, OR SHOULD I?
LEONARD!
OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, IT'S A JOKE, HA-HA... LISTEN, BEFORE YOU SAY ANYTHING, I JUST WANT TO SAY I'M SORRY FOR BEING SUCH AN ASSHOLE ALL WEEK. IT'S BEEN A BITCH OF A MONTH FOR BOTH OF US, AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD DO ABOUT IT...
WHAT?
... WELL, WE REALLY HAVEN'T SPENT ANY QUALITY TIME TOGETHER FOR WEEKS. ... ALL WORK AND NO PLAY... I MADE RESERVATIONS FOR PALM SPRINGS. A ROMANTIC WEEKEND IN THE DESERT, JUST YOU AND ME.
WELL, ... UH, I DON'T KNOW... I MEAN, IF YOU WANT TO GO... THAT IS, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THAT, MAYBE, WHAT PEOPLE IN A RELATIONSHIP NEED, NOW AND THEN, ISN'T MORE TIME TOGETHER, BUT, WELL, YOU KNOW... TIME APART...

...I MEAN, LOTS OF COUPLES—STRAIGHT AND GAY—SPEND TIME APART EVERY NOW AND THEN; IT'S HEALTHY. BESIDES, YOU'LL HAVE A GREAT TIME IN PALM SPRINGS. YOU DESERVE A LITTLE VACATION... SOAKING UP THE SUN OUT BY THE POOL ALL WEEKEND... NO PHONES OR ART DIRECTORS OR ME TO GET ON YOUR NERVES... SO, HOW SOON'RE YA LEAVIN'?
WHAT'S HIS NAME?
HUH?
DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME, LARRY! I USED TO GO THRU THIS ALL THE TIME WITH DENNIS... BEFORE WE BROKE UP...
...GORDON! IT'S GORDON TALBERT, ISN'T IT? YOUR EX-WIFE'S EX, ISN'T IT?... HOW SICK! SHE HAD HIM, SO YOU HAVE TO HAVE HIM TOO!
WHAT?! I MEAN... UH, ... HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW?
I CAME HOME FOR LUNCH TODAY AND FOUND A MESSAGE FROM GORDON ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE. HE THOUGHT SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE BEEN HOME AND BEEN ABLE TO GIVE HIM DIRECTIONS TO YOUR SHOP. HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT WANTING TO GET INTO A PAIR OF LEATHER PANTS...
...THE PAIR YOU HAVE ON AT THE MOMENT WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE THE ONES HE HAD IN MIND, WOULD THEY?!
WELL,... UH,... —HUMPH!— MAYBE THEY ARE!...
...YOU KNOW, LEONARD, OUR RELATIONSHIP HAS BEEN UNDER A LOT OF STRESS LATELY. HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THAT, MAYBE, WHAT WE NEED, NOW AND THEN, JUST MIGHT BE A LITTLE VARIETY?
UGGGH!! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SAID THAT!
...I MEAN, LOTS OF COUPLES—STRAIGHT AND GAY—HAVE OPEN RELATIONSHIPS; WHY NOT YOU AND ME? WHO KNOWS, IT MIGHT DO OUR RELATIONSHIP A LOT OF GOOD... I THINK WE SHOULD GIVE IT A TRY.
BUT I DON'T WANT AN OPEN RELATIONSHIP! ALL I WANT IS FOR YOU TO TAKE ME TO PALM SPRINGS!
A-HAH! MY FRIENDS ALL WARNED ME YEARS AGO, BEFORE I MOVED IN WITH YOU, THAT SOME DAY IT WOULD ALL BOIL DOWN TO THIS: ... MY LOVER, THE JEWISH AMERICAN PRINCE AND HIS FAVORITE WHINE, "YOU NEVER TAKE ME TO PALM SPRINGS"!!
OK... IF YOU WANT TO HAVE THIS TACKY LITTLE AFFAIR THAT BADLY... FINE, YOU HAVE MY BLESSINGS... BUT, THEN TWO CAN PLAY THIS GAME...


...I HAVEN'T LOST THE TOUCH, YOU KNOW. I STILL REMEMBER HOW TO CRUISE DARK, SMOKY BARS.
OH YEAH?
YEAH! IN FACT, I THINK I'LL GO OUT TONIGHT; THE GAUNTLET IS STILL WALL-TO-WALL FLESH ON FRIDAY NIGHT, ISN'T IT?
MAYBE.
I CAN WEAR YOUR FAVORITE TIGHT, FADED 501's WITH MY "CHEAP N' EASY" T-SHIRT AND THE BLACK WORK BOOTS YOU GAVE ME FOR MY BIRTHDAY.
THAT SHOULD MAKE FOR GOOD FISHING.
GREAT, I INTEND TO BAG MOBY DICK!
I'M LATE. DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME.
DON'T WORRY, I PLAN TO BE PRETTY LATE MYSELF!
SLAM!
MUCH LATER in Silver Lake...
...WELL, UH... I LIKE YOUR PLACE... I SEE YOU HAVE A VIEW OF THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN, SORT OF.
WHO GIVES A FUCK ABOUT THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN? I HAVE A MUCH BETTER VIEW OF SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD! ON A FRIDAY NIGHT, LIKE THIS, I CAN WATCH ALL THE HOT STUDS ON THE STREET, DOWN THERE, CRUISING UP THE HILL TO THE DETOUR, CRUISING DOWN THE HILL AND INTO THE GAUNTLET...
UH,... MAYBE I SHOULD MOVE AWAY FROM THE WINDOW; I GET VERTIGO... SURE IS HOT IN HERE!
I CAN IMAGINE! LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR JACKET... FOR STARTERS...
WOOOPS!
MY WALLET... IT JUST WON'T FIT IN THE SKIMPY POCKETS OF THESE DAMN LEATHER BREECHES.
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ENOUGH PICTURES OF LEONARD IN THERE... WHAT, ONLY TWO SHOTS OF YOUR KIDS?... I SWEAR, YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH OF LEONARD IN THAT WALLET FOR A WHOLE PHOTO ALBUM!
I GUESS SO... THIS ONE, WITH LEONARD AND COIT TOWER, IS MY FAVORITE. WE WERE IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE WEEKEND, LAST VALENTINE'S DAY. LEONARD MADE RESERVATIONS AT ONE OF THOSE INNS IN THE CASTRO, A ROMANTIC, OLD, VICTORIAN ROW HOUSE...

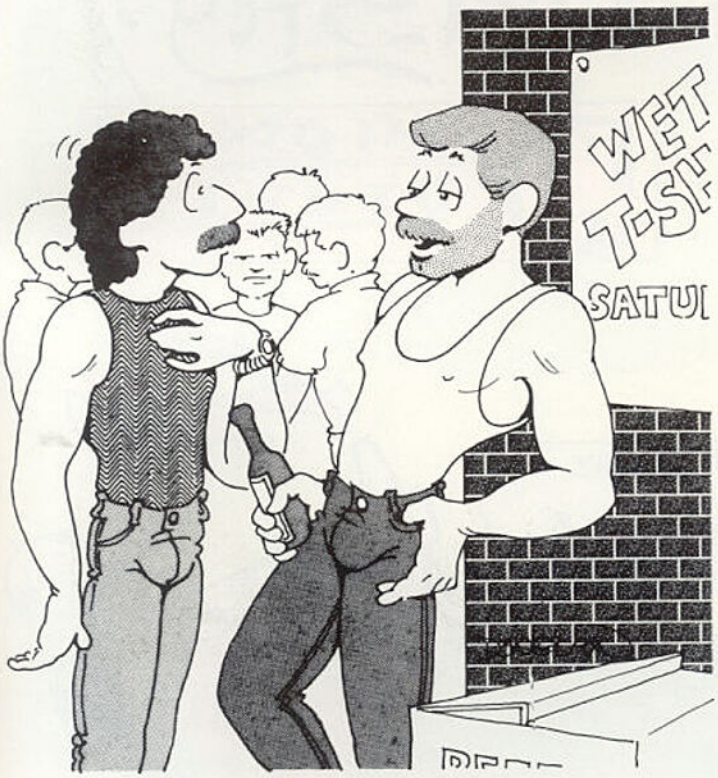
...ISN'T IT FUNNY HOW ONE PHOTOGRAPH CAN BRING BACK A FLOOD OF MEMORIES?
HILARIOUS!
...HMMM... WE HAD TO PARK THREE BLOCKS AWAY AND WALK TO THE INN THRU A SEA OF MEN; AFTER FIVE YEARS TOGETHER, LEONARD WAS THE ONLY ONE I SAW!
...WHEN WE GOT TO OUR ROOM, I FOUND THE BOTTLE OF SPUMANTE AND THE HEART-SHAPED CHOCOLATE CAKE LEONARD HAD ORDERED. IT READ, "CAN'T HELP LOVIN' THAT MAN 'O MINE"...
...LEONARD LOVES ME... LEONARD LOVES ME! I LOVE LEONARD! ...AND I'M JUST THROWING IT ALL AWAY!! ...I SHOULDN'T BE HERE! I CAN'T DO THIS!...
...I CAN'T...
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT, I'M SURE YOU WON'T... AT LEAST IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO GET DOWN THE HILL.
MEANWHILE DOWN THE HILL...
...BUT OF COURSE I KNEW ROCK, WE WERE FRIENDS. HE WOULDN'T DREAM OF THROWING A PARTY WITHOUT INVITING ME, HON...
Paramount
Cheap 'N Easy
...POOR OL' ROCK—HEART OF GOLD! SUCH A SHAME; THE ATTITUDES IN THIS TOWN THAT KEPT HIM IN THE CLOSET ALL THOSE YEARS AND THEN, SUDDENLY, TRAGICALLY, THE WHOLE, FUCKING WORLD KNEW... BUT, THEN, HE WASN'T ALONE IN THERE. LET ME TELL YA, HON, WHEN YA KNOW AS MANY STUDIO INSIDERS AS I DO, YA FIND OUT WHO ISN'T, WHO IS, AND WHO'S MAKIN' IT WITH WHO... THE DIRT I COULD DISH ABOUT SOME OF THE SO-CALLED MACHO, LEADING MEN IN THE BUSINESS—HONEY, YOUR EARS WOULD BURN!... BUT, THEN, THERE ARE SOOO MANY PHONIES IN THIS TOWN...
I KNOW, TELL ME ABOUT IT.
GEEEZ, I HAVE LOST THE TOUCH!
...BLAH, BLAH... HIGH CONCEPT... BLAH, BLAH... GROSS BOX OFFICE... BLAH, BLAH... NICE ASS... BLAH, BLAH... NIELSONS... BLAH, BLAH... DO LUNCH... BLAH, BLAH... NINE INCHES, AT LEAST! ...BLAH, BLAH... ALL PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS LIKE YOU ARE PAPARAZZI AT HEART... BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...
BUD
♪ LARRY, HONEY, I'M HOME!

...HOW WAS YOUR DAY?
OH, JUST WONDERFUL. I SAW THE DOCTOR TODAY; I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS AND SOME BAD NEWS...
KISS!
...FIRST, THE GOOD NEWS: THE RABBIT DIED.
OH GAG! NOT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BIZARRE, CALIFORNIA NOUVELLE RECIPES!
NO, NO, MY TESTS. HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED WHY I'VE BEEN MAKING THESE?
LITTLE LEATHER BOOTIES? YOU DON'T MEAN THAT YOU'RE...
YES, I'M PREGNANT.
OH, HAPPY DAY!
AND NOW THE BAD NEWS... IT'S NOT YOUR'S, IT'S... IT'S LEONARD'S.
LEONARD?... YOUR EX?... THE JEWISH AMERICAN PRINCE?! ...WELL, WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE WOMEN'S CLINIC AND HAVE IT ABORTED... RIGHT NOW!!
NO, NO! ...LEONARD, LEONARD? LEONARD, I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY, LEONARD!!
LARRY?... OH, LARRY! I FORGIVE YOU, LARRY. I LOVE YOU!
LEN... HEY, LEN!... DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THERE'S SOME HAIRY-FACED, BLOND NUMBER ALL IN LEATHER OVER THERE, GIVING YOU THE CRUISE OF DEATH.
POP!
EXIT
HEY, STUD, YOU'RE HOT! WHA-D-YA SAY THE TWO OF US BLOW THIS PLACE? LET ME TAKE YA HOME 'N SHOW YA MY... ETCHINGS.
PARDONEZ MOI, BUSTER, BUT THIS MAN'S WITH ME.
WHY DON'T YA GET LOST, YOU TWINKIE WIMP!
WELL, I... HUMPH! LEN, ARE YOU JUST GOING TO STAND THERE AND LET HIM TALK TO ME LIKE THAT?

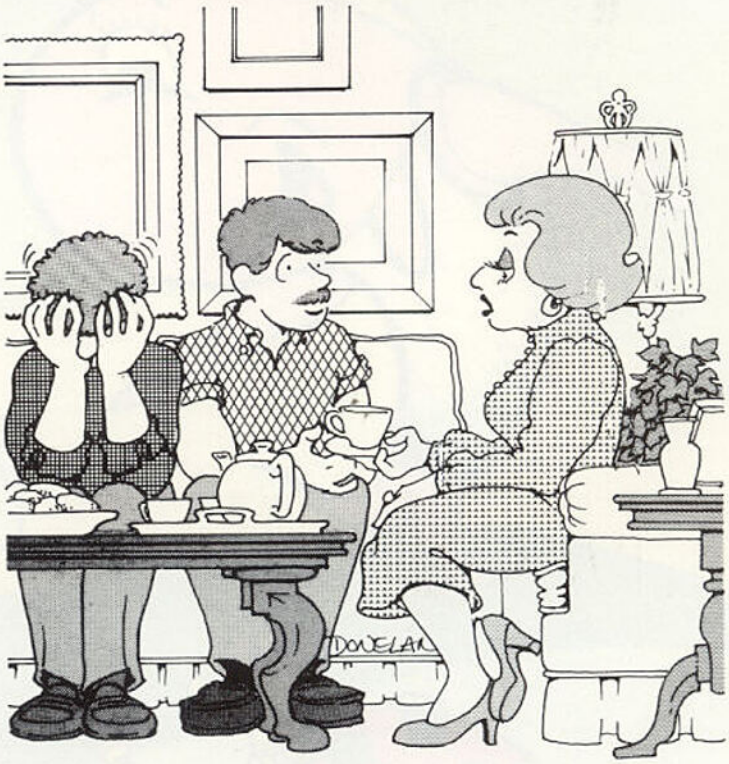
YES.
MY HARLEY'S PARKED RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR, HERE. HOW ABOUT YOUR WHEELS?
I HAVE A RED BMW—A CAR—PARKED OVER ON HOOVER. I SUPPOSE I COULD FOLLOW YOU... BY THE WAY, YOU SHOULD KNOW SOMETHING...I HAVE A LOVER.
FORGET 'IM, HE'S A BIG JERK!
OH, YOU KNOW HIM.
YEAH... SOMETIMES I WISH I DIDN'T; A REAL GOLD-PLATED, LEATHER-CLAD HORSE'S ASS, THAT LARRY EVANS. HE'S SELFISH, HE'S STUBBORN, HE'S JUST PLAIN STUPID! ALL FOR THE SAKE OF SOME SLEAZY TRICK, HE TOOK FOR GRANTED AND HURT THE ONE PERSON WHO MEANS MORE TO HIM THAN ANYTHING IN THE WHOLE WORLD. ...WHAT A BASTARD!
THAT'S MY LOVER, ALL RIGHT; A THOUGHTLESS, SELF-CENTERED, CALLOUS SHIT HEAD... ON THE OTHER HAND, HE CAN ALSO BE THOUGHTFUL, GENEROUS AND LOVING. WHEN HE WANTS TO, MY LOVER CAN BE THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN... I LOVE THAT BASTARD VERY, VERY MUCH! THAT'S THE PROBLEM.
PROBLEM?
YEAH. BECAUSE I LOVE HIM SO MUCH...
...I'M STUCK WITH HIM.
EXIT
...THE DIRT I COULD DISH ABOUT SOME OF THE SO-CALLED MACHO, LEADING MEN IN THE BUSINESS—HONEY, YOUR EARS WOULD BURN!...
JIM BARELA ©1986

Mindy and Millie:
THOSE ON-AGAIN - OFF-AGAIN LOVEBUGS!
©1987 Roberta Gregory
:SOB!: And then she threw me out... :SOB:
Mindy... the LAST time she threw you out, she said the exact same THING! She just has this PATTERN...
NO SHE DOESN'T! SHE'S A BITCH! -- A BITCH!! :SOB:
I NEVER WANNA SEE HER AGAIN!!
Okay... OKAY...
DAMN her, anyway.. ALWAYS pushin' me around.. IF she thinks I'm gonna come crawlin' back to HER, she's folla...
GOOD For you! You NEVER seemed very happy in that relationship.. I used to be sorta WORRIED about you.. but I never could say anything around Millie...
NOTHIN' I could do was right! IF I didn't chop th' damn BROCCOLI th' way she wanted, she wouldn' speak to me for DAYS...
That's not RIGHT! How could ANYBODY be so SELFISH.. an' JEALOUS -- an' DOMINEERING...
I never tol' ANYBODY this... but she HIT me a few times.. Fuggin' bitch..
Ohh.. NO!!! Here she is NOW... an' she's SEEN us together...
EXIT
I'LL give her somethin' to get steamed up about...
uhh.. Come on, Mindy.. ... DON'T...
Thanx for drivin' me over to Steve an' Bill's... I'll meet you at the bar t'morra.. You been a... GOOD frien'..
Okay... take care.. IF you need to TALK in the meantime... CALL me...
Gosh.. I hope Millie doesn't - KILL her...
The next night...
OH... Hi, Mindy.. -- Hi Millie...
An' THEN she said you were SELFISH.. an' JEALOUS... an'...
sigh..
MORAL... All's unfair in Love and war...!

A Donelan Look at Men



Oh no, you must have your signals crossed. . . if I were cruising you, you'd be gorgeous.



So, Mr. You're-so-hot-my-son-becomes-a-fruit-for-you . . . tell me about yourself.

You're the one who didn't want to go to another one of those "piss-elegant" bars.

You know, my mother doesn't even have this many creams!

OOH — HOW ECLECTIC!
IT'S SWISHY FISHY
FASHION CUTOUTS
POST-POST NEW WAVE LOOK by SLAYBELLE GAYPOODLE III GOLDEN POND, VA.
CHICK'N OF THE SEA '86
ESTHER WILLIAMS SWIMSUIT by TRINA TUNA STOW LAKE, S.F.
THE LEATHER LOOK by TOM BOND BERKELEY MARINA
BOYCOTT CAVIAR!
60'S LOVE-IN WARE by BOBBY "TRIP" TOE GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH
OH, GIRLFISH! LOVE THAT WARDROBE!
M.J. GOLDBERG — 1986/7